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C O M E D Y:

As it is Acted at the

T H E A T R E S.

By SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N:

Printed by R. WALKER at *Shakespear's Head* in *Turn-
again Lane, Snow-hill.*

M D C C X X X I V .

(Price 4*l.* with the Frontispiece.)

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

- V** *Incentio*, Duke of *Vienna*.
Angelo, Lord Deputy in the Duke's Absence.
Escalus, an ancient Lord.
Claudio, a young Gentleman.
Lucio, a Fantastick.
Two Gentlemen.
Varrius, a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke.
Provost.
Thomas, }
Peter, } Two Friars.
Elbow, a simple Constable.
Fr. th, a foolish Gentleman.
Clown, Servant to Mrs. *Over-den*.
Abberson, an Executioner.
Barnardine, a dissolute Prisoner.

W O M E N.

- Ifabella*, Sister to *Claudio*.
Mariana, betrothed to *Angelo*.
Juliet, beloved of *Claudio*.
Francisca, a Nun.
Mistress Over-den, a Bawd.

Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE VIENNA.

N. B. The Lines thus marked * (by reason of the Length of the Play) are left out in the Performance.



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Duke.

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A C T I . S C E N E I .

Enter Duke, Escalus, and Lrds.

Duke.



Escalus,

Escal. My Lord.

Duke. Of Government, the
Properties to unfold,
Would seem in me t' affect speech
and Discourse.

Since I am put to know, that
your own Science

Exceeds in that, the List of all Advice
My Strength can give you: ' Then no more remains ;
' Put that to your Sufficiency, as your Worth is able,
' And let them work: ' The Nature of our People,
Our City's Institutions, and the Terms
For common Justice, y'are as pregnant in
As Art and Practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our Commission,
From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,
I say, bid come before us *Angelo* :
What figure of us think you, he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special Soul
Elected him our Absence to supply ;
Lent him our Terror, drest him with our Love,
And given his Deputation all the Organs
Of our own Power : What think you of it ?

Escal. If any in *Vienna* be of Worth
To undergo such ample Grace and Honour,
It is Lord *Angelo*.

Enter

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's Will,
I come to know your Grace's Pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,

There is a kind of Character in thy Life,
That, to th' Observer, doth thy History
Fully unfold: Thy self and thy Belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thy self upon thy Virtues; they on thee.
Heav'n doth with us, as we with Torches do,
Not light them for themselves: For if our Virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if he had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
Put to fine Issues; nor Nature never lends
The smallest Scruple of her Excellence,
But like a thrifty Goddess she determines
Her self the Glory of a Creditor,
Both Thanks and Use. But I do bend my Speech
To one that can my Part in him advertise;
Hold therefore, Angelo:
In our Remove, be thou at full, our self.
Mortality and Mercy in Vienna,
Live in thy Tongue and Heart: Old Escalus,
Though first in Question, is thy Secondary.
Take thy Commission.

Ang. Now, good my Lord,
Let there be some more Test made of my Metal,
Before so noble and so great a Figure,
Be stamp't upon it.

Duke. No more Evasion:
We have with a leaven'd and prepar'd Choice
Proceeded to you: therefore take your Honours,
Our Haste from hence is of so quick Condition,
That it prefers it self, and leaves unquestiō'd
Matters of needful Value. We shall write to you,
As Time and our Concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us, and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So fare you well.
To th' hopeful Execution do I leave you
Of our Commission.

Ang. Yet give leave, my Lord,

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That we may bring you something on the Way.

Duke. My Haste may not admit it,
Nor need you, on my Honour, have to do
With any Scruple; your Scope is as mine own,
So to enforce, or qualifie the Law,
As to your Soul seems good. Give me your Hand;
I'll privily away. I love the People,
But do not like to stage me to their Eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud Applause, and *Aves* vehement:
Nor do I think the Man of safe Discretion
That does affect it. Once more fare you well.

Ang. The Heav'n's give Safety to your Purposes.

Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in Happiness.

Duke. I thank you, fare you well.

[*Exit*

Escal. I shall desire you, Sir, to give me leave
To have free Speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my Place;
A Power I have, but of what Strength and Nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me: Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our Satisfaction have
Touching that Point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your Honour.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

The Street.

Enter Lucio, and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come
'not to Composition with the King of Hungary, why
'then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

1 Gent. Heav'n grant us its peace, but not the King
'of Hungary.

2 Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'st like the Sanctimonious Pyrate,
'that went to Sea with the ten Commandments, but
'scrap'd one out of the Table.

2 Gent. Thou shalt not steal?

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

1 Gent. Why, 'twas a Commandment to command
'the Captain and all the rest from their Functions; they
'put forth to steal: There's not a Soldier of us all, that
' in

in the Thanksgiving before Meat, doth relish the Petition well that prays for Peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any Soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee: For I think thou never wast where Grace was said.

2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

1 *Gen.* What? in Meeter?

Lucio. In any Proportion, or in any Language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any Religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? Grace, is Grace, despite of all Controversy; as for Example, Thou thyself art a wicked Villain, despite of all Grace.

1 *Gent.* Well; there went but a Pair of Sheers between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the Lists and the Velvet. Thou art the List.

1 *Gent.* And thou the Velvet; thou art good Velvet; thou'rt a three pil'd Piece I warrant thee: I had as lief be a List of an *English* Kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a *French* Velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think thou dost; and indeed with most painful feeling of thy Speech; I will, out of thine own Confession, learn to begin thy Health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes that thou hast; whether thou art tainted or free.

Enter Bawd.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where Madam *Mitigation* comes. I have purchas'd as many Diseases under her Roof,

As come to _____

2 *Gent.* To what, pray?

Lucio. Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand Dollars a Year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A *French* Crown more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring Diseases in me; but thou art full of Error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but to sound, as things that are hollow; thy Bones are hollow; Impiety has made a Feast of thee.

1 *Gent.* How now, which of your Hips has the most profound Sciatica?

Bawd.

MEASURE for MEASURE. 7

' *Bawd.* Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carry'd to Prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

' 1 *Gent.* Who's that, I prethee?

' *Bawd.* Marry Sir, that's *Claudio*, Signior *Claudio*.

' 1 *Gent.* *Claudio* to Prison? 'tis not so.

' *Bawd.* Nay, but I know 'tis so; I saw him arrested: saw him carry'd away; and which is more, within these three Days his Head is to be chopt off.

' *Lucio.* But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so; Art thou sure of this?

' *Bawd.* I am too sure of it; and it is for getting Madam *Julietta* with Child.

' *Lucio.* Believe me this may be; he promised to meet me two Hours since, and he was ever precise in Promise-keeping.

' 2 *Gent.* Besides you know it draws something near to the Speech we had to such a Purpose.

' 1 *Gent.* But most of all agreeing with the Proclamation.

' *Lucio.* Away, let's go learn the Truth of it. [*Exeunt.*]

' *Bawd.* Thus, what with the War, what with the Sweat, what with the Gallows, and what with Poverty, I am Custom-shrunk. How now? what's the News with you?

Enter Clown.

' *Clown.* Yonder Man is carry'd to Prison.

' *Bawd.* Well, what has he done?

' *Clown.* A Woman.

' *Bawd.* But what's his Offence?

' *Clown.* Groping for Trouts in a peculiar River.

' *Bawd.* What? is there a Maid with Child by him?

' *Clown.* No; but there's a Woman with Maid by him.

' You have not heard of the Proclamation, have you?

' *Bawd.* What Proclamation, Man?

' *Clown.* All Houles in the Suburbs of *Vienna* must be pluck'd down.

' *Bawd.* And what will become of those in the City?

' *Clown.* They shall stand for Seed; they had gone down too, but that a wise Burger put in for them.

' *Bawd.* But shall our Houles of Resort in the Suburbs be pull'd down?

' *Clown.* To the Ground, Mistrefs.

' *Bawd.* Why here's a Change indeed in the Common-wealth;

wealth; what shall become of me?

Clown. Come, fear not you; good Counsellors lack
no Clients; though you change your Place, you need
not change your Trade; I'll be your Tapster still.
Courage, there will be pity taken on you: you that
have worn your Eyes almost out in the Service, you
will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, *Thomas Tapster*? let's with-
draw.

Clown. Here comes Signior *Claudio* led by the Pro-
vost to Prison; and there's Madam *Juliet*.

[*Ex. Bawd and Clown.*]

Enter Provost, Claudio, and Officers.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to th' World?
Bear me to Prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil Disposition,
I put from Lord *Angelo* by special Charge.

Claud. Thus can the Demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down, for our Offence, by weight
The words of Heav'n: on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Enter Lucio. [Straint?

Lucio. Why how now *Claudio*? whence comes this Re-

Claud. From too much Liberty, my *Lucio*, Liberty;
As Surfeit is the Father of much Fast,
So every Scope by the immoderate use
Turns to Restraint: Our Nature do pursue,
Like Rats that ravin down their proper Bane,
A thirsty Evil, and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely, under an Arrest, I
would send for certain of my Creditors: and yet, to say
the Truth, I had as lief have the Foppery of Freedom,
as the Morality of Imprisonment: What's thy Offence,
Claudio?

Claud. What but to speak of, would offend again.

Lucio. What is't, Murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Letchery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, Sir, you must go.

Claud. One Word, good Friend;

Lucio. a Word with you.

Lucio. A hundred.

If they'll do you any good: Is Letchery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me; upon a true Contract
I got Possession of *Julietta's* Bed,
You know the Lady, she is fast my Wife,
Save that we do the Denunciation lack
Of outward Order. This we came not to,
Only for Propagation of a Dowre
Remaining in the Coffer of her Friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our Love
'Till Time had made them for us. But it chances
The Stealth of our most mutual-Entertainment,
With Character too gross, is writ in *Juliet*.

Lucio. With Child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new Deputy now for the Duke,
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of Newness,
Or whether that the Body publick be
A Horse whereon the Governor doth ride,
Who newly in the Seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it strait feel the Spur;
Whether the Tyranny be in his Place,
Or in his Eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in: But this new Governor
Awakes me all the enrolled Penalties
Which have, like unscour'd Armour, hung by th' Wall
So long, that nineteen Zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and for a Name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected Act
Freshly on me; 'tis surely for a Name.

Lucio. I warrant it is; and thy Head stands so tickle on
thy Shoulders, that a Milk-maid, if she be in Love, may
sigh it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.

I prethee, *Lucio*, do me this kind Service:
Th's Day, my Sister should the Cloister enter,
And there receive her Approbation.
Acquaint her with the Danger of my State,
Implore her in my Voice, that she make Friends
To the strict Deputy; bid herself assay him,
I have great Hope in that; for in her Youth
There is a prone and speechless Dialect,
Such as moves Men! beside, she hath prosperous Art

10 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

When she will play with Reason, and Discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray she may; as well for the Encouragement
of the like, ' which else would stand upon grievous Im-
' position,' as for the enjoying of thy Life, who I would
be sorry should be thus foolishly lost; at a Game of Tick-
tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good Friend *Lucio*.

Lucio. Within two Hou s.

Claud. Come Officer, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Monastery.*

Enter Duke, and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No; holy Fathet, throw away that Thought,
Believe not that the dribbling Dart of Love
Can pierce a compleat Bosom: Why I desire thee
To give me secret Harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the Aims and Ends
Of burning Youth.

Fri. May your Grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy Sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the Life remov'd,
And held in idle price to haunt Assemblies
Where Youth and Cost; and witless Bravery keeps.
I have delivered to Lord *Angelo*,
A Man of Stricture and firm Abstinence,
My absolute Power and Place here in *Vienna*,
And he supposes me travell'd to *Poland*,
For so I have strew'd it in the common Ear,
And so it is receiv'd: Now, pious Sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this.

Fri. Gladly, my Lord.

Duke. We have strict Statutes, and most biting Laws,
The needful Bits and Curbs for head-strong Weeds,
Which for this fourteen Years we have let slip,
Even like an o'er-grown Lion in a Cave
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond Fathers,
Having bound up the threat'ning Twigs of Birch,
Only to stick it in their Children's sight,
For Terror, not to use; in time the Rod's
More mock'd than fear'd: So our Decrees,

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Lucio
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MEASURE *for* MEASURE. II

Dead to Infliction, to themselves are dead,
And Liberty plucks Justice by the Nose;
The Baby beats the Nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all Decorum.

Fri. It rested in your Grace
To unloose this ty'd-up Justice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in Lord *Angelo*.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful;
Sith 'twas my Fault to give the People Scope,
'Twould be my Tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do. For we bid this be done
When evil Deeds have their permissive Pass,
And not the Punishment: Therefore indeed, my Father,
I have on *Angelo* impos'd the Office,
Who may in th' ambush of my Name strike home,
And yet, my Nature never in the fight
To do in slander: And to behold his Sway,
I will, as 'twere a Brother of your Order,
Visit both Prince and People; therefore I prethee
Supply me with the Habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in Person bear
Like a true *Friar*. More Reasons for this Action,
At your more leisure, shall I render you;
Only this one: Lord *Angelo* is precise,
Stands at a guard with Envy, scarce confesses
That his Blood flows, or that his Appetite
Is more to Bread than Stone: Hence shall we see,
If Power change Purpose, what our Seemers be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Nunnery.*

Enter Isabella and Francisca.

Isab. And have you Nuns no farther Privileges?

Nun. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes truly; I speak not as desiring more,
But rather wishing a more strict Restraint
Upon the Sisterhood, the Votarists of Saint *Clare*.

Lucio within.

Lucio. Ho! Peace be in this Place.

Isab. Who's that which calls?

Nun. It is a Man's Voice, gentle *Isabella*,

Turn

Turn you the Key, and know his Business of him;
 You may; I may not: you are yet unsworn:
 When you have vow'd, you must not speak with Men
 But in the Presence of the *Priores*s;
 Then if you speak, you must not shew your Face,
 Or if you shew your Face, you must not speak.
 He calls again, I pray you answer him. [*Exit Franc.*
Isab. Peace and Prosperity, who is't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail Virgin, if you be, as those Cheek-Roses
 Proclaim you are no less, can you so stead me,
 As bring me to the Sight of *Isabella*,
 A Novice of this Place, and the fair Sister
 To her unhappy Brother *Claudio*?

Isab. Why her unhappy Brother? Let me ask,
 The rather, for I now must make you know
 I am that *Isabella*, and his Sister.

Lucio. Gentle and Fair, your Brother kindly greets you;
 Not to be weary with you, he's in Prison.

Isab. Wo me, for what?

Lucio. For that, which if my self might be his Judge,
 He should receive his Punishment in Thanks;
 He hath got his Friend with Child,

Isab. Sir, make me not your Story.

Lucio. 'Tis true: I would not, tho' 'tis my familiar Sin,
 ' With Maids to seem the Lapwing, and to jest,
 ' Tongue far from Heart; play with all Virgins so.
 ' I hold you as a thing ensky'd and fainted,
 ' By your Renouncement an Immortal Spirit,
 ' and to be talk'd with in Sincerity,
 ' As with a Saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the Good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness, and Truth; 'tis thus:
 ' Your Brother and his Lover having embrac'd,
 ' As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time
 ' That from the Seedness the bare Fellow brings
 ' To teeming Poyson; even so her plenteous Womb
 ' expresth his full Tilth and Husbandry.

Isab. Some one with Child by him? My Cousin *Juliet*?

Lucio. Is she your Cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly, as School-Maids change their Names,
 By vain, tho' apt Affection.

Lucio.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. Let him marry her.

Lucio. This is the Point.

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
 'Bore many Gentlemen, my self being one,
 'In hand, and hope of Action; but we do learn,
 'By those that know the very Nerves of State,
 'His givings out were of an infinite Distance
 'From his true meant Design.' Upon his Place,
 And with full Line of his Authority,
 Governs Lord *Angelo*; a Man whose Blood
 Is every Snow-Broth, one who never feels
 The wanton Stings and Motions of the Sense;
 But doth rebate, and blunt his natural Edge
 With Profits of the Mind, Study and Fast.
 He, to give Fear to Use and Liberty,
 Which have for long run by the hideous Law,
 As Mice by Lyons, hath pickt out an Act,
 Under whose heavy Sense your Brother's Life
 Falls into Forfeit; he arrests him on it,
 And follows close the Rigor of the Statute,
 To make him an Example; all Hope is gone,
 Unless you have the Grace by your fair Prayer
 To soften *Angelo*; and that's my Pith of Business,
 'Twixt you, and your poor Brother.

Isab. Doth he so
 Seek his Life?

Lucio. Ha's censur'd him already,
 And, as I hear, the Provost hath a Warrant
 For's Execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor
 Ability's in me, to do him good?

Lucio. Assay the Power you have.

Isab. My Power? Alas! I doubt.

Lucio. Our Doubts are Traytors,
 And make us lose the Good we oft might win,
 By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord *Angelo*,
 And let him learn to know, when Maidens sue,
 Men give like Gods; but when they weep and kneel,
 All their Petitions are as truly theirs,
 As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio.

Lucio. But speedily.

Ifab. I will about it strait;
No longer staying, but to give the Mother
Notice of my Affair. I humbly thank you;
Commend me to my Brother: Soon at Night
I'll send him certain word of my Success.

Lucio. I'll take my Leave of you.

Ifab. Good Sir, adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT II.

SCENE I.

SCENE *the Palace.*

Enter Anglo, Escalus, Justice, and Attendants.

Ang. **W**E must not make a Scar-crow of the Law,
Setting it up to fear the Birds of Prey,
And let it keep one Shape, 'till Custom make it
Their Perch, and not their Terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to Death. Alas! this Gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a noble Father;
Let but your Honour know,
Whom I believe to be most strait in Virtue,
That in the working of your own Affections,
Had time coher'd with Place, or Place with Wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your Blood,
Could have attain'd th'Effect of your own Purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your Life
Err'd in this Point, which now you censure him,
And pull'd the Law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, *Escalus*,
Another thing to fall. I not deny
The Jury passing on the Prisoner's Life,
May in the sworn Twelve half a Thief or two,
Guiltier than him they try; what's open made to Justice,
That Justice seizes. What know the Laws

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That Thieves do pass on Thieves? 'tis very pregnant,
 The Jewel that we find, we stoop and take't,
 Because we see it; but what we do not see,
 We tread upon, and never think of it.
 You may not so extenuate his Offence,
 For I have had such Faults; but rather tell me
 When I, that censure him, do so offend,
 Let mine own Judgment pattern out my Death,
 And nothing come in partial. Sir he must die.

Enter Provost.

Escal. Be it as your Wildom will.

Ang. Where is the *Provost*?

Prov. Here, if it like your Honour.

Ang. See that *Claudio*

Be executed by nine to Morrow Morning.

Bring him his Confessor, let him be prepar'd,

For that's the utmost of his Pilgrimage. [*Exit Provost.*

Escal. Well: Heav'n forgive him! and forgive us all,
 Some rise by Sin, and some by Virtue fall:

' Some run through Brakes of Vice, and answer none;

' And some condemned for a Fault alone.

' *Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, and Officers.*

' *Elb.* Come, bring them away; if these be good Peo-
 ' ple in a Common-weal, that do nothing but use their
 ' Abuses in common Houles, I know no Law, bring
 ' them away.

' *Ang.* How now, Sir, what's your Name? and
 ' what's the Matter?

' *Elb.* If it please your Honour, I am the poor Duke's
 ' Constable, and my Name is *Elbow*; I do lean upon Ju-
 ' stice, Sir, and do bring in here before your good Ho-
 ' nour, two notorious Benefactors.

' *Ang.* Benefactors? Well; What Benefactors are they?

' Are they not Malefactors?

' *Elb.* If it please your Honour, I know not well what
 ' they are; but precise Villains they are, that I am sure
 ' of, and void of all Profanation in the World, that good
 ' Christians ought to have.

' *Escal.* This comes off well; here's a wise Officer.

' *Ang.* Go to: What Qualiay are you of? *Elbow* is your
 ' Name?

' Why dost thou not speak, *Elbow*?

' *Clown.* He cannot, he's out at *Elbow*.

' *Ang.*

16 MEASURE for MEASURE.

- ' *Ang.* What are you, Sir,
 ' *Elb.* He, Sir? A Tapster, Sir; parcel Bawd; one
 ' that serves a bad Woman; whose House, Sir, was, as they
 ' say, pluckt down in the Suburbs; and now she professes
 ' a Hot-house; which, I think, is a very ill House too.
 ' *Escal.* How know you that?
 ' *Elb.* My Wife, Sir, whom I detest before Heav'n
 ' and your Honour.
 ' *Escal.* How? Thy Wife.
 ' *Elb.* Ay, Sir; whom I thank Heav'n is an honest Woman,
 ' *Escal.* Dost thou detest her therefore;
 ' *Elb.* I say, Sir, I will detest myself also, as well as
 ' she, that this House, if it be not a Bawd's House, it
 ' is pity of her Life, for it is a naughty House.
 ' *Escal.* How dost thou know that, Constable?
 ' *Elb.* Marry, Sir, by my Wife, who, if she had been a
 ' Woman cardinally given, might have been accused in
 ' Fornication, Adultery, and all Uncleaness there.
 ' *Escal.* By the Woman's Means?
 ' *Elb.* Ay, Sir, by Mistress *Over-don's* Means; but as
 ' she spits in his Face, so she defy'd him.
 ' *Clown.* Sir, if it please your Honour, this is not so.
 ' *Elb.* Prove it before these Varlets here, thou honour-
 ' able Man, prove it.
 ' *Escal.* Do you hear how he misplaces?
 ' *Clown.* Sir, she came in great with Child, and longing,
 ' saving your Honour's Reverence, for stew'd Prewns;
 ' we had but two in the House, which at that very instant
 ' time stood as it were, in a Fruit-dish, a Dish of some
 ' three Pence; your Honours have seen such Dishes, they
 ' are not *China* Dishes, but very good Dishes.
 ' *Escal.* Go too, go too; no matter for the Dish, Sir.
 ' *Clown.* No indeed, Sir, not a Pin: you are therein in
 ' the right: But to the Point; as I say, this Mistress *Elbow*,
 ' being, as I say, with Child, and being great belly'd, and
 ' longing, as I said, for Prewns; and having no more in the
 ' Dish, as I said; Master *Fritch* here, this very Man, having
 ' eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them
 ' very honestly: for, as you know, Master *Fritch*, I
 ' could not give you three Pence again.
 ' *Fritch.* No indeed.
 ' *Clown.* Very well; you being then, if you be remem-
 ' bred,

'bred, cracking the Stones of the aforeſaid Prewns.

' *Froth*. Ay, ſo I did indeed.

' *Clown*. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you
' be remembred, that ſuch a one, and ſuch a one, were
' paſt Cure of the thing you wot of, unleſs they kept
' good Diet, as I told you.

' *Froth*. All this is true.

' *Clown*. Why, very well then.

' *Eſcal*. Come, you are a tedious Fool; to the purpoſe;
' what was done to *Elbow's* Wife, that he hath Cauſe to
' complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

' *Clown*. Sir, your Honour cannot come to that yet.

' *Eſcal*. No Sir, nor I mean it not.

' *Clown*. Sir, but you ſhall come to it, by your Honour's
' leave: and I beſeech you, look into Maſter *Froth* here,
' Sir, a Man of fourſcore Pound a Year; whoſe Father dy'd
' at *Hallowmas*. Was't not at *Hallowmas*, Maſter *Froth*?

' *Froth*. All-Hallow'd Eve.

' *Clown*. Why very well; I hope here be Truths. He,
' Sir, fitting, as I ſay, in a lower Chair, Sir; 'twas in
' the Bunch of Grapes, where indeed you have a delight
' to fit, have you not?

' *Froth*. I have ſo, becauſe it is an open Room, and
' good for Winter.

' *Clown*. Why, very well then; I hope there be Truths.

' *Ang*. This will laſt out a Night in *Ruffia*,

' When Nights are longeſt there. I'll take my Leave,

' And leave you to the hearing of the Cauſe,

' Hoping you'll find good Cauſe to whip them all. [*Exit*.]

' *Eſcal*. I think no leſs. Good-morrow to your Lordſhip.

' Now, Sir, come on: What was done to *Elbow's* Wife,
' once more?

' *Clown*. Once, Sir? There was nothing done to her once.

' *Elb*. I beſeech you, Sir, ask him what this Man did
' to my Wife.

' *Clown*. I beſeech your Honour ask me.

' *Eſcal*. Well, Sir, what did this Gentleman to her?

' *Clown*. I beſeech you, Sir, look in this Gentleman's
' Face; good Maſter *Froth*, look upon his Honour; 'tis
' for a good Purpoſe; doth your Honour mark his Face?

' *Eſcal*. Ay, Sir, very well.

' *Clown*. Nay, I beſeech you mark it well.

' *Eſcal*.

‘ *Escal.* Well, I do so.

‘ *Clown.* Doth your Honour see any Harm in his Face?

‘ *Escal.* Why, no.

‘ *Clown.* I’ll be suppos’d upon a Book, his Face is the worst thing about him: Good then; if his Face be the worst thing about him, how could Master *Froth* do the Constable’s Wife any harm? I would know that of your Honour.

‘ *Escal.* He’s in the right; Constable, what say you to it?

‘ *Elb.* First, and it like you, the House is a respected House; next, this is a respected Fellow; and his Mistress is a respected Woman.

‘ *Clown.* By this Hand, Sir, his Wife is a more respected Person than any of us all,

‘ *Elb.* Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked Varlet; the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with Man, Woman, or Child.

‘ *Clown.* Sir, she was respected with him before he marry’d with her.

‘ *Escal.* Which is the wiser here; *Justice* or *Iniquity*? Is this true?

‘ *Elb.* O thou Caitiff! O thou Varlet! O thou wicked *Hannibal*! I respected with her, before I was marry’d to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your Worship think me the poor Duke’s Officer; prove this, thou wicked *Hannibal*! or I’ll have mine Action of Battery on thee,

‘ *Escal.* If he took you a Box o’th’ Ear, you might have your Action of Slander too.

‘ *Elb.* Marry I thank your good Worship for it: What it’s your Worship’s Pleasure I shall do with this wicked Caitiff?

‘ *Escal.* Truly, Officer, because he hath some Offences in him, that thou wouldst discover, if thou couldst, let him continue in his Courses, till thou know’st what they are.

‘ *Elb.* Marry, I thank your Worship for it; thou seest, thou wicked Varlet now, what’s come upon thee. Thou art to continue now, thou Varlet? Thou art to continue.

‘ *Escal.* Where were you born, Friend? [To *Froth*]

‘ *Froth.* Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

‘ *Escal.* Are you of fourscore Pounds a Year?

‘ *Froth.* Yes, an’t please you, Sir,

‘ *Escal.*

' *Escal.* So, What Trade are you of, Sir? [*To the Clown.*

' *Clown.* A Tapster, a poor Widow's Tapster.

' *Escal.* Your Mistress's Name?

' *Clown.* Mistress *Over-den*.

' *Escal.* Hath she had any more than one Husband?

' *Clown.* Nine, Sir: *Over-den* by the last.

' *Escal.* Nine? Come hither to me, Master *Froth*: Master *Froth*, I would not have you acquainted with Tapsters; they will draw you, Master *Froth*, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

' *Froth.* I thank your Worship; for mine own Part, I never come into any Room in a Taphouse, but I am drawn in.

' *Escal.* Well; no more of it, Master *Froth*; farewell.

[*Exit Froth.*

' Come you hither to me, Master Tapster, what's your Name, Master Tapster?

' *Clown.* *Pompey*.

' *Escal.* What elle?

' *Clown.* *Bum*, Sir.

' *Escal.* Troth, and your Bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beastliest sense, you are *Pompey* the great; *Pompey*, you are partly a Bawd, *Pompey*; howsoever you colour it in being a Tapster; are you not? come tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

' *Clown.* Truly, Sir, I am a poor Fellow that would live.

' *Escal.* How would you live, *Pompey*? by being a Bawd? what do you think of the Trade, *Pompey*? is it a lawful Trade?

' *Clown.* If the Law will allow it, Sir.

' *Escal.* But the Law will not allow it, *Pompey*, nor it shall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

' *Clown.* Does your Worship mean to geld and splay all the Youth in the City?

' *Escal.* No, *Pompey*.

' *Clown.* Truly, Sir, in my poor Opinion, they will to't then. If your Worship will take Order for the Drabs and Knaves, you need not to fear the Bawds.

' *Escal.* There are pretty Orders beginning, I can tell you: It is but heading and hanging,

' *Clown.* If you head and hang all that offend that way
' but

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' but for ten Years together, you'll be glad to give out a
' Commission for more Heads: If this Law hold in Vienna
' ten Years, I'll rent the fairest House in it after three
' Pence a Day: If you live to see this come to pass, say,
' *Pompey* told you so.

' *Escal.* Thank you, good *Pompey*; and in Requital of
' your Prophecy, hark you; I advise you let me not find
' you before me again upon any Complaint whatsoever;
' no, not for dwelling where you do: If I do, *Pompey*, I
' shall beat you to your Tent, and prove a shrewd *Cesar*
' to you: In plain Dealing, *Pompey*, I shall have you whipt:
' So for this Time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

' *Clown.* I thank your Worship for your good Counsel;
' but I shall follow it as the Flesh and Fortune shall better
' determine.

' Whip me? no, no; let a Carman whip his Jade.
' The valiant Heart's not whipt out of his Trade. [*Exit.*]

' *Escal.* Come hither to me, Master *Elbow*; come hi-
' ther, Master Constable; How long have you been in
' this Place of Constable?

' *Elb.* Seven Year and a half, Sir.

' *Escal.* I thought by the readines in the Office, you
' had continued in it some time: You say, seven Years
' together?

' *Elb.* And a half, Sir.

' *Escal.* Alas! it hath been great Pains to you; they
' do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: Are there not
' Men in your Ward sufficient to serve it?

' *Elb.* Faith, Sir, few of any Wit in such Matters; as
' they are chosen they are glad to chuse me for them: I do
' it for some piece of Mony, and go through with all.

' *Escal.* Look you, bring me in the Names of some six
' or seven, the most sufficient in your Parish.

' *Elb.* To your Worship's House, Sir?

' *Escal.* To my House; fare you well. What's a Clock,
' think you? [*Exit Elbow.*]

' *Just.* Eleven, Sir.

' *Escal.* I pray you go home to Dinner with me.

' *Just.* I humbly thank you.

' *Escal.* It grieves me for the Death of *Claudio*:

' But there's no Remedy.

' *Just.* Lord *Angelo* is severe.

' *Escal.*

M

' *Escal.*
' Mercy is
' Pardon i
' But yet,
' Come, S

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Escal. It is but needful:
 Mercy is not it self, that oft looks so;
 Pardon is still the Nurse of second Woe:
 But yet, poor *Claudio* ! there is no Remedy.
 Come, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Provost, and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a Cause ; he will come strait ;
 I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you do ; I'll know
 His Pleasure ; may be he will relent ; alas !
 He hath but as offended in a Dream :
 All Sects, all Ages smack of this Vice ; and he
 To die for't !

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the Matter, *Provost* ?

Prov. Is it your Will *Claudio* shall die to Morrow ?

Ang. Did not I tell thee yea ? hadst thou not Order ?
 Why dost thou ask again ?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash.
 Under your good Correction, I have seen
 When after Execution, Judgment hath
 Repented o'er his Doom.

Ang. Go to ; let that be mine ;
 Do you your Office, or give up your Place,
 And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your Honour's Pardon.
 What shall be done, Sir, with the groaning *Juliet* ?
 She's very near her Hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
 To some more fitter Place, and that with speed.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Here is the Sister of the Man condemn'd,
 Desires Access to you.

Ang. Hath he a Sister ?

Prov. Ay, my good Lord, a virtuous Maid,
 And to be shortly of a Sister-hood,
 If not already.

Ang. Well ; let her be admitted.

See

22 MEASURE for MEASURE.

See you the Fornicatress be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not lavish Means;
There shall be Order for't.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Prov. 'Save your Honour.

Ang. Stay a little while. Y'are welcome; what's your Will?

Isab. I am a woful Suitor to your Honour,
'Please but your Honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your Suit!

Isab. There is a Vice that most I do abhor,
And more desire should meet the Blow of Justice,
For which I would not plead, but that I must
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At War 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well; the Matter?

Isab. I have a Brother is condemn'd to die;
I do beseech you let it be his Fault,
And not my Brother.

Prov. Heav'n give thee moving Graces.

Ang. Condemn the Fault and not the Actor of it?
Why, every Fault's condemn'd ere it be done.
Mine were the very Cipher of a Function,
To fine the Faults, whose Fine stand in Record,
And let go by the Actor.

Isab. O just, but severe Law:
I had a Brother then; — Heav'n keep your Honour.

Lucio. Give't not o'er so: To him again, intreat him,
Kneel down before him, hang upon his Gown:
You are too cold; if you should need a Pin,
You could not with a more tame Tongue desire it.
To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no Remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither Heav'n nor Man grieve at the Mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the World no Wrong,
If so your Heart were touch'd with that Remorse,
As mine is to him?

Ang.

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Ang.
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MEASURE for MEASURE.

23

Aug. He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold.

Isab. Too late? why no; I that do speak a Word,
May call it back again: Well, believe this,
No Ceremony that to great ones belongs,
Not the King's Crown, nor the deputed Sword,
The Marshal's Truncheon, nor the Judge's Robe,
Become them with one half so good a Grace
As Mercy does: If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slept like him; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you be gone.

Isab. I would to Heav'n I had your Potency,
And you were *Isabel*; should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a Judge,
And what a Prisoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him; there's the Vein.

Ang. Your Brother is a Forfeit of the Law,
And you but waste your Words.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Why, all the Souls that were, were Forfeit once;
And he that might the 'Vantage best have took,
Found out the Remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of Judgment, should
But judge you as you are? Oh, think on that,
And Mercy then will breathe within your Lips,
Like Man new-made.

Ang. Be you content, fair Maid,
It is the Law, not I, condemns your Brother.
Were he my Kinsman, Brother, or my Son,
It should be thus with him; he must die to Morrow.

Isab. To Morrow? Oh! that's sudden.
Spare him, spare him;
He's not prepar'd for Death: 'Even for our Kitchens
'We kill the *How* of Season; shall we serve Heav'n
'With less Respect than we do minister
'To our gods selves? Good, good my Lord, bethink you:
Who is it that have dy'd for this Offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The Law hath not been dead, tho' it hath slept:
Those many had not dar'd to do that Evil,

If the first, that did th'Edict infringe,
 Had answer'd for his Deed. Now 'tis awake
 Takes note of what is done, and like a Prophet,
 Looks in a Glass that shews what future Evils,
 Either now, or by Remissness, new conceiv'd,
 And so in Progress to be hatch'd, and born,
 Are now to have no successive degrees,
 But here they live to end.

Isab. Yet shew some Pity.

Ang. I shew it most of all when I shew Justice;
 For then I pity those I do not know,
 Which a dismiss'd Offence would after gall;
 And do him Right, that answering one foul Wrong,
 Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
 Your Brother dies to Morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first that gives this Sentence,
 And he that suffers: Oh, it is excellent
 To have a Giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
 To use it like a Giant.

Lucio. That's well said.

Isab. Could great Men thunder
 As *Jove* himself does, *Jove* would ne'er be quiet;
 For every pelting petty Officer
 Would use his Heav'n for Thunder;
 ' Nothing but Thunder: Merciful Heav'n,
 ' Thou rather with thy sharp and Sulphurous Bolt
 ' Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled Oak,
 ' Than the soft Mirtle: O but Man! proud Man!
 ' Drest in a little brief Authority,
 ' Most Ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
 ' His glassie Essence, like an angry Ape,
 ' Plays such fantastick Tricks before high Heav'n,
 ' As makes the Angels weep; who with our Spleens
 ' Wou'd all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. Oh, to him, to him, Wench; he will relent;
 He's coming: I perceive't.

Prov. Pray Heav'n she win him.

Isab. We cannot weigh our Brother with our self:
 Great Men may jest with Saints; 'tis Wit in them,
 But in the less foul Prophanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt right, Girl; more o'that.

Isab. That in the Captain's but a cholerick Word,
 Which

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Which in the Soldier is flat Blasphemy.

Lucio. Art advis'd o' that? More on't.

Ang. Why do you put these Sayings upon me?

Isab. Because Authority, tho' it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of Medicine in it self,
That skins the Vice o'th' top. Go to your Bosom,
Knock there, and ask your Heart what it doth know
That's like my Brother's Fault; if it confess
A natural Guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a Thought upon your Tongue
Against my Brother's Life.

Ang. She speaks, and 'tis such Sense.

That my Sense breeds with it. Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle, my Lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me: Come again to Morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: Good my Lord turn back.

Ang. How? Bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such Gifts that Heav'n shall share with you

Lucio. You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond Sickles of the tested Gold,
Or Stones, whose Rate are either rich or poor,
As Fancy values them; but with true Prayers,
That shall be up at Heav'n, and enter there
Ere Sun rise: Prayers from preserved Souls,
From fasting Maids, whose Minds are dedicate
To nothing Temporal.

Ang. Well; come to me to Morrow.

Lucio. Go to; 'tis well; away.

Isab. Heav'n keep your Honour safe.

Ang. Amen.

For I am that way going to Temptation,
Where Prayers cross.

Isab. At what Hour to Morrow
Shall I attend your Lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore Noon.

Isab. Save your Honour. [*Ex. Lucio, Isabella, & Prov.*]

Ang. From thee; even from thy Virtue.

What's this? What's this? Is this her Fault, or mine?
The Tempter, or the Tempted, who sins most? Ha?
Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I,
That, lying by the Violet in the Sun,
Does as the Carrion does, not as the Flower,
Corrupt with virtuous Season. Can it be,
That Modesty may more betray our Sense,

B

Than

Than Woman's Lightness? Having waste Ground enough
 Shall we desire the raze the Sanctuary,
 And pitch our Evils there? Oh fie, fie, fie;
 What dost thou? Or what art thou, *Angelo*?
 Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
 That make her good? O let her Brother live
 Thieves for their Robbery have Authority,
 When Judges steal themselves. What! do I love her,
 That I desire to hear her speak again,
 And feast upon her Eyes? What is't I dream on?
 Oh cunning Enemy, that to catch a Saint,
 With Saints dost bait thy Hook! Most dangerous
 Is that Temptation, that doth goad us on
 To Sin, in loving Virtue; never could the Strumpet,
 With all her double Vigour, Art, and Nature,
 Once stir my Temper: But this virtuous Maid
 Subdues me quite; even 'till now.
 When Men were fond, I smil'd, and wondred how. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E III. *A Prison.*

Enter Duke habited like a Friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, *Provost*; so I think you are.

Prov. I am the *Provost*; what's your Will, good *Friar*?

Duke. Bound by my Charity, and my blest Order,
 I come to visit the afflicted Spirits
 Here in the Prison; do me the common Right
 To let me see them, and to make me know
 The nature of their Crimes; that I may minister
 To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look here comes one; a Gentlewoman of mine,
 Who falling in the Flaws of her own Youth,
 Hath blister'd her Report, She is with Child,
 And he that got it, sentenc'd: A young Man
 More fit to do another such Offence,
 Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to Morrow.

I have provided for you: stay a while,
 And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the Sin you carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the Shame more patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your Con-
 And try your Penitence, if it be sound. [*science,*
 Or hollowly put on. *Juliet.*]

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the Man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the Woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then it seems your most offenceful Act
Was mutually committed.

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your Sin of heavier kind than his?

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, Father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, Daughter: but least do you repent
As that the Sin hath brought you to this Shame,
Which Sorrow's always towards ourselves not Heav'n,
Showing we'd not spare Heav'n, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear.

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an Evil,
And take the Shame with Joy.

Duke. There rest.

Your Partner, as I hear, must die to Morrow,
And I am going with Instruction to him;
Grace go with you; *Benedicite.*

[*Exit.*]

Juliet. Must die to Morrow! Oh injurious Love,
That respites me a Life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying Horror!

Prov. 'Tis pity of him,

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV. *The Palace.*

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several Subjects: Heav'n hath my empty Words,
Whilst my Invention, hearing not my Tongue,
Anchors on *Isabel*: Heav'n's in my Mouth,
As if I did but only chew his Name,
And in my Heart the strong and swelling Evil
Of my Conception: The State whereon I studied
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd, and tedious; yea my Gravity,
Wherein (let no Man hear me) I take pride,
Could I, with boot, change for an idle Plume
Which the Air beats for vain: Oh Place! oh Form!
How often dost thou wish thy Case, thy Habit,
Wrench Awe from Fools, and tie the wiser Souls
To thy false seeming? 'Blood, thou art Blood:
'Let's write good Angel on the Devil's Horn;
'Tis not the Devil's Crest.' How now? who's there?

Enter Servant.

Serv. One *Isabel*, a Sister desires Access to you.

B 2

Ang.

28 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Ang. Teach her the Way. — [*Ex. Serv.*] Oh Heav'n's!
Why doth my Blood thus muster to my Heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other Parts.
Of necessary fitness?

So play the foolish Throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the Air
By which he should revive; and even so
The general Subjects to a well-wisht King,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious Fondness
Crowd to his Presence, where their untaught Love
Must needs appear Offence. How now, fair Maid?

Enter Isabella.

Isab. I am come to know your Pleasure?

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please
Than to demand what 'tis; you Brother cannot live. [*me,*

Isab. Even so? — Heav'n keep your Honour. [*Going.*

Ang. Yet may he live awhile; and it may be
As long as you or I; yet he must die.

Isab. Under your Sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that, in his Reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his Soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha? fie, these filthy Vises! it were as good
To pardon him, that hath from Nature stol'n
A Man already made, as to remit
Their sawcy Sweetness, that do coin Heav'n's Image
In Stamps that are forbid? 'tis all as easie,
' Falsely to take away a Life true made:
' As to put Mettle in restrained means,
To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in Heav'n, but not in Earth.

Ang. Say you so? Then I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most just Law
Now took your Brother's Life; or to redeem him,
Give up your Body to such sweet Uncleaness
As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this.

I had rather give my Body than my Soul.

Ang. I talk not of your Soul; our compell'd Sins
Stand more for Number than Accompt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak

Agai

Against the thing I say. Answer to this:
 I, now the Voice of the recorded Law,
 Pronounce a Sentence of your Brother's Life:
 Might there not be a Charity in Sin,
 To save this Brother's Life?

Ifab. Please you to do't,
 I'll take it as a Peril to my Soul;
 It is no Sin at all, but Charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't at Peril of your Soul,
 Were equal poize of Sin and Charity.

Ifab. That I do beg his Life, if it be Sin,
 Heav'n let me bear it; you granting of my Suit,
 If that be Sin, I'll make it my Morn-pray'r,
 To have it added to the Faults of mine,
 And nothing of your Answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me:

Your Sense pursues not mine: Either you are ignorant,
 Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good,

Ifab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
 But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus Wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
 When it doth tax itself: 'As these black Masques
 'Proclaim an en-shield Beauty ten times louder
 'Than Beauty could display'd.' But mark me,
 To be received plain, I'll speak more gross,
 Your Brother is to die.

Ifab. So.

Ang. And his Offence is so, as it appears,
 Accountant to the Law upon that pain.

Ifab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his Life,
 As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
 But in the loss of Question, that you, his Sister,
 Finding yourself desir'd of such a Person,
 Whose Credit with the Judge, or own great Place,
 Could fetch your Brother from the Manacles
 Of the all-holding Law; and that there were
 No earthly Mean to save him, but that either
 You must lay down the Treasures of your Body,
 To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer;
 What would you do?

Ifab. As much for my poor Brother as myself;
 That is, were I under the Terms of Death,
 Th' Impression of keep Whips I'd wear as Rubies,

30 MEASURE for MEASURE.

And strip myself to Death, as to a Bed,
That longing I've been sick for, ere I'd yield
My Body up to Shame.

Ang. Then must your Brother die.

Ifab. And 'twere the cheaper way;
Better it were a Brother dy'd at once,
Than that a Sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the Sentence
That you have slander'd so?

Ifab. Ignominy in Ransom, and free Pardon,
Are of two Houses; lawful Mercy
Is nothing kin to foul Redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the Law a Tyrant,
And rather prov'd the sliding of your Brother
A Meriment than a Vice.

Ifab. Oh pardon me, my Lord; it olt falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we
[mean:

I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his Advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Ifab. Else let my Brother die.
' If not a Feodary but only he
' Owe, and succeed by Weakness.

Ang. Nay, Women are frail too.

Ifab. Ay, as the Glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make Forms.

' Women! Help Heav'n; Men their Creation mar
' In profiting by them: Nay, call us ten times frail;
' For we are soft, as our Complexions are,
' And credulous to false Prints.

Ang. I think it well;

And from this Testimony of your own Sex,
Since I suppose we're made to be no stronger
Than Faults may shake our Frames, let me be bold;
I do arrest your Words: Be that you are,
That is, a Woman; if you be more, you're none.
If you be one, as you are well express'd
By all external Warrants, shew it now,
By putting on the destin'd Livery.

Ifab. I have no Tongue but one; gentle my Lord,
Let me intreat you speak the former Language.

Ang. Painly conceive I love you.

Ifab.

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Ifab. My Bother did love *Juliet*;
And you tell me that he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, *Ifabel*, if you give me Love.

Ifab. I know your Virtue hath a Licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me on mine Honour,
My Words express my purpose.

Ifab. Ha! Little Honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious Purpose! Seeming, seeming.
I will proclaim thee, *Angelo*; look for't:
Sign me a present Pardon for my Brother,
Or with an out-stretch'd Throat I'll tell the World
Aloud what Man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, *Ifabel*?
My unsoil'd Name, th' Austerities of my Life,
My Vouch against you, and my Place in th' State,
Will do your Acculation over-weigh,
That you shall stifle in your own Report,
And smell of Calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my sensual Race the Rein;
Fit thy Consent to my sharp Appetite,
Lay by all Nicety, and prolixious Blushes
That banish what they sue for: Redeem thy Brother
By yielding up thy Body to my Will;
Or else he must not only die the Death,
But thy Unkindness shall his Death draw out
To lingring Sufferance. Answer me to Morrow,
Or by th' Affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a Tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my fallie o'erweighs your true. [Exit.]

Ifab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous Mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same Tongue,
Either of Condemnation or Approval:
' Bidding the Law make Curtsie to their Will,
' Hooking both Right and Wrong to th' Appetite,
' To follow as it draws.' I'll to my Brother;
Tho' he hath fallen by Prompture of the Blood,
Yet hath he in him such a Mind of Honour,
That had he twenty Heads to tender down
On twenty bloody Blocks, h'd yield them up;
Before his Sister should her Body stoop
To such abhor'd Pollution.

32 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Then *Ifabel* live chaste, and Brother die ;
 More than our Brother is our Chastity.
 I'll tell him yet of *Angelo's* Request,
 And fit his Mind to Death for his Soul's Rest. [Exit.



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *The Prison.*

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provost.

Duke. SO, then you hope of Pardon from Lord *Angelo*?
Claud. The miserable have no other Medicine
 But only Hope : I've hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for Death ; either Death or Life
 Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with Life ;
 If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing,
 That none but Fools would keep ; a Breath thou art,
 Servile to all the Skiey Influences ;
 That dost this Habitation where thou keep'st
 Hourly afflict : Meerly thou art Death's Fool ;
 For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
 And yet runn'st tow'rd him still. Thou art not noble :
 For all th' Accommodations that thou bear'st,
 Are nurs'd by Bafenefs : Thou'rt by no means valiant ;
 For thou dost fear the soft and tender Fork
 Of a poor Worm. Thy best of Rest is Sleep,
 And that thou oft' provok'st, yet grossly fear'st
 Thy Death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thy self,
 For thou exist'st on many a thousand Grains
 That issue out of Dust. Happy thou art not ;
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
 And what thou hast, forgett'st. 'Thou art not certain,
 ' For thy Complexion shifts to strange Effects,
 ' Aiter the Moon.' If thou art rich, thou'rt poor ;
 For like an Ass, whose Back with Ingots bows,
 Thou bear'st thy heavy Riches but a Journey,
 And Death unloadeth thee. Friend hast thou none ;
 For thine own Bowels, which do call thee Sire,
 The meer Effusion of thy proper Loins,
 Do curse the *Gout*, *Serpigo* and the *Rheum*,
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor Youth, nor Age ;
 But, as it were, an after-dinner's Sleep,
 Dreaming on both ; for all thy blessed Youth

Becomes

Becomes as aged, and doth beg the Alms
Of palsied-Eld; and when thou'rt old, and rich,
Thou hast neither Heat, Affection, Limb, nor Beauty
To make thy Riches pleasant. What's yet in this
That bears the Name of Life? Yet in this Life
Lye hid more thousand Deaths; yet Death we fear,
That makes these Odds all Even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to die,
And seeking Death, find Life: Let it come on,

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What ho? Peace here, Grace and good Company.

Prov. Who's there? Come in: The Wish deserves a
Welcome.

Duke. Dear Sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy Sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a Word or two with *Claudio*.

Prov. And very welcome. Look Signior, here's your Sister.

Duke. *Provost*, a Word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring them to speak where I may be conceal'd,
yet hear them. [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*]

Claud. Now, Sister, what's the Comfort?

Isab. Why,

As all Comforts are; most good, most good indeed:
Lord *Angelo* having Affairs to Heav'n,
Intends you for a swift Ambassador;
Where you shall be an everlasting Lieger;
Therefore your best Appointment make with speed,
To Morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no Remedy?

Isab. None, but such Remedy, as to save a Head
To save a Heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, Brother, you may live:
There is a devilish Mercy in the Judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your Life,
But fetter you till Death.

Claud. Perpetual Durance?

Isab. Ay just, perpetual Durance, a Restraint,
Tho' all the World's Vastitude you had,
To a determin'd Scope.

Claud. But in what Nature?

Isab. In such a one, as you consenting to't,

Would bark your Honour from that Trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the Point.

Ifab. Oh, I do fear thee. *Claudio*, and I quake,
Lest thou a fev'rous Life shou'dst entertain,
And six or seven Winters more respect
Than a perpetual Honour. Dar'st thou die?
The Sente of Death is most in Apprehension,
And the poor Beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal Sufference finds a Pang as great,
As when a Giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this Shame?
Think you I can a Resolution fetch
From flow'ry Tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter Darknel's as a Bride,
And hug it in mine Arms.

Ifab. There spake my Brother; there my Father's Grave
Did utter forth a Voice. Yea, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a Life
In base Appliances. This outward fainted Deputy,
Whose settled Visage and deliberate Word
Nips Youth i'th' Head, and Follies doth emmew,
As Faulcon doth the Fowl, is yet a Devil:
His Filth within being cast, he would appear
A Pond as deep as Hell.

Claud. The Princely *Angelo*?

Ifab. Oh 'tis the cunning Livery of Hell,
The damned'st Body to invest and cover
In Princely Gúards. Dost thou think, *Claudio*,
If I would yield him my Virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. Oh Heav'ns, it cannot be!

Ifab. Yes, he would give't thee; from this rank Offence
So to offend him still. This Night the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou dy'st to Morrow.

Claud. I'hou shalt not do't.

Ifab. Oh, were it but my Life,
I'd throw it down for your Deliverance
As frankly as a Pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear *Ifabel*.

Ifab. Be ready, *Claudio*, for your Death to Morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he Affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the Law by th' Nose,

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When he would force it? Sure it is no Sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the-least.

Ifab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? Oh *Ifabel!*

Ifab. What says my Brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Ifab. And shamed Life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where:
To lye in cold Obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm Motion, to become
A kneaded Clod; and the delighted Spirit
To bathe in fiery Floods, or to reside
In thrilling Regions of thick-ribbed Ice,
To be imprison'd in the viewless Winds,
And blown with restless Violence round about
The pendant World; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain Thought
Imagine howling; 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly Life,
That Age, Ach, Penury, and Imprisonment
Can lay on Nature, is a Paradise
To what we fear of Death.

Ifab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet Sister, let me live.

What Sin you do to save a Brother's Life,
Nature dispenses with the Deed so far,
That it becomes a Virtue.

Ifab. O you Beast!

Oh faithless Coward! oh dishonest Wretch!
Wilt thou be made a Man out of my Vice?
Is't not a kind of Incest, to take Life
From thine own Sister's Shame? What should I think?
Heav'n shield my Mother plaid my Father fair:
For such a warped slip of Wilderness
Ne'er issu'd from his Blood. Take my Defiance,
Die, perish! Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy Fate, it should proceed.
I'll pay a thousand Prayers for thy Death;
No Word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, *Ifabel.*

Ifab. Oh, fie, fie, fie!

Thy Sin's not accidental, but a Trade;

36 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Mercy to thee would prove it self a Bawd ;
'Tis best that thou dy'st quickly.

Claud. O hear me, *Isabella*.

Enter Duke and Provost.

Duke. Vouchsaie a Word, young Sister, but one Word.

Isab. What is your Will ?

Duke. Might you dispense with your Leisure, I would by and by have some Speech with you : The Satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own Benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous Leisure ; my stay must be stolen out of other Affairs : But I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son, I have over-heard what hath past between you and your Sister. *Angelo* had never the Purpose to corrupt her ; only he hath made an Essay of her Virtue, to practise his Judgment with the Disposition of Natures. She, having the truth of Honour in her, hath made him that gracious Denial, which he is most glad to receive : I am Confessor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true ; therefore prepare your self to Death. Do not satisfie your Resolution with Hopes that are fallable ; to Morrow you must die ; go to your Knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my Sister Pardon ; I am so out of love with Life, that I will sue to be rid of it. [*Exit Claud.*]

Duke. Hold you there ; farewell. *Provost*, a Word with you.

Pr. v. What's your Will, Father ?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone ; leave me a while with the Maid ; my Mind promises with my Habit, no loss shall touch her by my Company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit Prov.*]

Duke. The Hand that hath made you fair, hath made you good ; the Goodness that is cheap in Beauty, makes Beauty brief in Goodness ; but Grace being the Soul of your Complexion, shall keep the Body of it ever fair ; the Assault that *Angelo* hath made to you, Fortune hath convey'd to my Understanding ; and but that Frailty hath Examples for his Falling, I should wonder at *Angelo* : How will you do to content this Substitute, and to save your Brother ?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him : I had rather my Brother die by the Law, than my Son should be unlawfully born. But, oh ; how much is the good Duke deceived in *Angelo* : If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my Lips in vain, or discover his Government.

Duke.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss; yet, as the Matter now stands, he will avoid your Accusation; He made Tryal of you only. Therefore fasten your Ear on my Advisings, to the Love I have in doing good; a Remedy presents it self. I do make my self believe that you may most uprightously do a poor wronged Lady a merited Benefit; redeem your Brother from the angry Law; do no Stain to your own gracious Person, and much please the absent Duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this Business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak, Father: I have Spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the Truth of my Spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and Goodness never fearful: Have you not heard speak of *Mariana*, the Sister of *Frederick*, the great Soldier, who miscarry'd at Sea?

Isab. I have heard of the Lady, and good Words went with her Name.

Duke. She should this *Angelo* have marry'd; was affianced to her by Oath, and the Nuptials appointed: Between which time of the Contract, and limit of the Solemnity, her Brother *Frederick* was wreckt at Sea, having in that perish'd Vessel the Dowry of his Sister. But mark how heavily this befall to the poor Gentlewoman; there she lost a noble and renowned Brother, in his Love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the Portion and Sinew of her Fortune, her Marriage-dowry; with both, her Combinatè-husband, this well-seeming *Angelo*.

Isab. Can this be so? Did *Angelo* so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her Tears, and dry'd not one of them with his Comfort; swallowed his Vows whole, pretending in her Discoveries of Dishonour: In few Words, bestowed her on her own Lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a Marble to her Tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a Merit were it in Death to take this poor Maid from the World! What Corruption in this Life, that it will let this Man live! But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a Rupture that you may easily heal; and the Cure of it not only saves your Brother, but keeps you from Dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how, good Father.

Duke. This fore-nam'd Maid hath yet in her the Continuance of her first Affection: his unjust Unkindness, that
in

in all Reason should have quenched her Love, hath, like an Impediment in the Current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to *Angelo*, answering his requiring with a plausible Obedience: agree with his Demands to the point: Only, refer your self to this Advantage; first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the Time may have all shadow and Silence in it; and the Place answer to Convenience. This being granted, in Course now, follows all; We shall advise this wronged Maid to stand up your Appointment, go in your Place; if the Encounter acknowledge it self hereafter, it may compel him to her Recompence; and here, by this your Brother saved, your Honour untainted, the poor *Mariana* advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The Maid will I frame, and make fit for his Attempt: If you think well to carry this, as you may, the doubleness of the Benefit defends the Deceit from Reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The Image of it gives me Content already, and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous Perfection.

Duke. It lyes much in your holding up; haste you speedily to *Angelo*; if for this Night he intreat you to his Bed, give him Promise of Satisfaction. I will presently to St. *Luke's*; there at the moated Grange resides this dejected *Mariana*; at that place call upon me, and dispatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this Comfort: Fare you well, good Father. [Exit.

Enter Elbow, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no Remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell Men and Women like Beasts, we shall have all the World drink brown and white Bitard.

Duke. Oh Heav'n's! what stuff is here?

Clown. 'Twas never merry World since of two Usuries the merriest was put down, and the worse allow'd by Order of Law, a furr'd Gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with Fox and Lambs-skins too, to signifie that Craft being richer than Innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, Sir: Bless you, good Father *Friar.*

Duke. And you, good Brother Father; what Offence hath this Man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry, Sir, he hath offended the Law; and, Sir, we take him to be a Thief too, Sir; for we have found upon him, Sir, a strange Pick-lock, which we have sent to the Deputy. *Duke.*

Duke.
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Clown.

Duke. Fie, Sirrah, a Bawd, a wicked Bawd;
The Evil that thou caulest to be done,
That is thy means to live. ' Do thou but think
' What 'tis to cram a Maw, or cloath a Back
' From such a filthy Vice: Say to thy self,
' From their abominable and beastly Touches,
' I drink, I eat away my self, and live.
Canst thou believe thy Living is a Life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

Clown. Indeed it does stink in some sort, Sir:
But yet, Sir, I would prove.—

Duke. Nay, if the Devil have given thee Proofs for Sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to Prison Officer;
Correction and Instruction must both work,
Ere this rude Beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the Deputy, Sir; he has given him
Warning; the Deputy cannot abide a Whore-master; if
he be a Whoremonger, and comes before him, he were
as good go a Mile on his Errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
Free from all Faults, as Faults from seeming free.

Enter Lucio.

' *Elb.* His Neck will come to your Waste, a Cord, Sir.

Clown. I spy Comfort; I cry Bail: Here's a Gentle-
man, and a Friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble *Pompey*? What, at the Wheels
of *Cæsar*? art thou led in Triumph? What, is there none
of *Pigmalion's* Images newly made Women to be had now,
' for putting the Hand in the Pocket, and extracting it
' cloutch'd? What Reply? Hay? What say'st thou to
' this Tune, Matter and Method? Is't not drown'd i'th'
' last Rain? Ha? What say'st thou, Trot? Is the World
' as it was, Man? Which is the Way? Is it sad, and few
' Words? Or how? The Trick of it?

' *Duke.* Still thus, and thus; still worse?

Lucio. How doth my dear Morsel, thy Mistress? Pro-
cures she still? Ha?

Clown. Troth, Sir, she hath eaten up all the Beef, and
she is her self in the Tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be
so. Ever your fresh Whore, and your powder'd Bawd,
an unshunn'd Consequence, it must be so. Art going to
Prison, *Pompey*?

Clown. Yes, Faith, Sir.

Lucio.

40 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, *Pompey* : Farewell : Go, say I sent thee thither ; for Debt, *Pompey* ? Or how ?

Elb. For being a Bawd, for being a Bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him ; if Imprisonment be the due of a Bawd, why, 'tis his right. Bawd is he doubtless, and of Antiquity too ; Bawd born. Farewell, good *Pompey* : Commend me to the Prison, *Pompey* ; you will turn good Husband now, *Pompey* ; you will keep the House.

Clown. I hope, Sir, your good Worship will be my Bail.

Lucio. No indeed will I not, *Pompey* ; it is not the wear ; I will pray, *Pompey*, to encrease your Bondage, if you take it not patiently : Why, your Mettle is the more : Adieu, trusty *Pompey*.

Bleis you, *Friar*.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does *Bridget* paint still, *Pompey* ? Ha !

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, Sir ?

Lucio. Then, *Pompey*, nor now. What News abroad, *Friar* ? What News ?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Lucio. Go to Kennel, *Pompey*, go :

[*Exeunt Elbow, Clown, and Officers.*]

What News, *Friar*, of the Duke ?

Duke. I know none : Can you tell me of any ?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the Emperor of *Russia* ; other some, he is in *Rome* : But where is he, think you ?

Duke. I know not where ; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical Trick of him, to steal from the State, and usurp the Beggary he was never born to. Lord *Angelo* Dukes it well in his Absence he puts Transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more Lenity to Leachery would do no harm in him ; something too crabbed that way, *Friar*.

Duke. It is too general a Vice, and Severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the Vice is of great Kindred ; it is well ally'd ; but it is impossible to extirpate quite, *Friar*, till eating and drinking be put down, I have say, this *Angelo* was not made by Man and Woman,

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ter this downright way of Creation; is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a Sea-maid spawn'd him. Some; that he was begot between two Stock-fishes. ' But it is ' certain, that when he makes Water, his Urine is con- ' geal'd Ice; that I know to be true; and he is a Motion ' generative; that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, Sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, ' for ' the Rebellion of a Cod-piece, to take away the Life of ' a Man? Would the Duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a Man for the getting a hundred Bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the Sport, he knew the Service, and that instructed him to Mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for Woman; he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. Oh, Sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? Yes, your Beggar of fifty; and his use was, to put a Ducket in her Clack-dish; the Duke had Crotchets in him. He would be drunk too, that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an Inward of his; a shy-Fellow was the Duke; and I believe I know the Cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, pr'ythee, might be the Cause?

Lucio. No; Pardon: 'Tis a Secret must be lockt within the Teeth and the Lips; but this I can let you understand, the greater File of the Subject held the Duke to be wife.

Duke. Wife? Why no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing Fellow.

Duke. Either this is Envy in you, Folly, or Mistaking: The very stream of his Life, and the Business he hath helmed, must upon a warranted need give him a better Proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious a Scholar, a Statesman, and a Soldier; therefore you speak unskillfully; or if your Knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your Malice.

Lucio.

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Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better Knowledge, and Knowledge with dear Love.

Lucio. Come, Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But if ever the Duke return, as our Prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your Answer before him: If it be honest you have spoke, you have Courage to maintain it; I am bound to call upon you, and I pray you your Name?

Lucio. Sir, my Name is *Lucio*, well known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, Sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an Opposite; but indeed I can do you little harm: You'll forswear this again?

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: Thou art deceiv'd in me,
Friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if *Claudio* die to Morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, Sir?

Lucio. Why? For filling a Bottle with a Tun-dish: 'would the Duke we talk of were return'd again; this ungenitur'd Agent will unpeople the Province with Continency. Sparrows must not build in his Houle-eyes, because they are lecherous. The Duke yet would have dark Deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light; would he were return'd. Marry this *Claudio* is condemned for untrussing. Farewel, good *Friar*, I prythee pray for me: The Duke, I say to thee again, would eat Mutton on *Fridays*. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a Beggar, tho' she smelt of brown Bread and Garlick: Say, that I said so: Farewell. [Exit.

Duke. No Might nor Greatness in Mortality
Can censure 'scape: Back-wounding Calumny
The whitest Virtue strikes. What King so strong
Can tie the Gall up in the slanderous Tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter *Escalus*, *Provost* and *Bawd*.

Escal. Go, away with her to Prison.

Bawd. Good my Lord, be good to me: your Honour is accounted a merciful Man: Good my Lord. *Escal.*

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Escal. Double and treble Admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? This would make Mercy swear, and play the Tyrant.

Prov. A Bawd of eleven Years continuance, may it please your Honour.

Bawd. My Lord, this is one *Lucio's* Information against me: *Mistress Kate Keep-down* was with Child by him in the Duke's time; he promis'd her Marriage: His Child is a Year and a Quarter old, come *Philip* and *Jacob*: I have kept it my self; and see how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That Fellow is a Fellow of much Licence; let him be call'd before us. Away with her to Prison: Go to; no more Words. [*Exeunt with the Bawd.*

Provost, my Brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd; *Claudio* must die to Morrow: Let him be furnish'd with Divines, and have charitable Preparation. If my Brother wrought by my Pity, it should not be so with him.

Pro. So please you, this *Friar* hath been with him, and advis'd him for the Entertainment of Death.

Escal. Good Even, good Father.

Duke. Blis and Goodness on you.

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this Country, tho' my Chance is now To use it for my time: I am a Brother Of gracious Order, late come from the Sea, In special Business from his Holiness.

Escal. What News abroad i'th the World?

Duke. None, but that there is, so great a Fever on Goodness, the Dissolution of it must cure it. Novelty is only in Request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of Course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any Undertaking. There is scarce Truth enough alive to make Societies secure; but security enough to make Fellowships accurst. Much upon this Riddle runs the Wisdom of the World; this News is old enough, yet it is every Day's News. I pray you, Sir, of what Disposition was the Duke?

Escal. One, that above all other Strifes, Contented especially to know himself.

Duke. What Pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry

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merry at any thing which profess to make him rejoice.
A Gentleman of all Temperance. But leave him to his
Events, with a Prayer they may prove prosperous; and
let me desire to know how you find *Claudio* prepar'd:
I am made to understand, that you have lent him Vi-
sitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister mea-
sure from his Judge, but most willingly humbles him-
self to the Determination of Justice: Yet had he fram'd
to himself, by the Instruction of his Frailty, many de-
ceiving Promises of Life, which I, by my good Lei-
sure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolv'd to
die.

Escal. You have paid the Heav'ns your Function, and
the Prisoner the very Debt of your Calling. I have la-
bour'd for the poor Gentleman, to the extremest shore of
my Modesty, but my Brother-Justice have I found so se-
vere, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed Ju-
stice.

Duke. If his own Life
Answer the Straitness of his Proceeding,
It shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail,
He hath sentenc'd himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the Prisoner: Fare you
well. [Exit.]

Duke. Peace be with you.
He who the Sword of Heav'n will bear,
Should be as Holy as Severe:
' Pattern in himself to know,
' Grace to stand, and Virtue go:
More nor less to others paying,
Than by Self-offences weighing.
Shame to him whose cruel striking,
Kills for Faults of his own liking!
Twice treble Shame on *Angelo*,
To weed my Vice, and let his grow!
Oh, what may Man within him hide,
Tho' Angel on the outward side?
' How may Likeness made in Crimes,
' Making practise on the Times,
' To draw with idle Spider's Strings
' Most ponderous and substantial things?
Craft against Vice I must apply:
With *Angelo* to Night shall lie

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 So Disguise shall by th' disguis'd
 Pay with Falshood false exacting,
 And perform an old contracting.

[Exit.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.

Song. **T**AKE, *Oh take those Lips away,*
That so sweetly were foresworn ;
And those Eyes, the Break of Day,
Lights that do mis-lead the Morn :
But my Kisses bring again,
Seals of Love, but seal'd in vain.

Enter Duke.

Mari. ' Break off thy Song, and haste thee quick away :

' Here comes a Man of Comfort, whose Advice

' Hath often still'd my brawling Discontent.

' I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could wish

' You had not found me here so musical :

' Let me excuse me, and believe me so,

' My Mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my Woe.

Duke. ' 'Tis good ; tho' Musick oft hath such a Charm

' To make bad, good. and good provoke to harm.

I pray you tell me, hath any Body enquir'd for me here
 to Day? Much upon this time have I promis'd here to meet.

Mari. You have not been enquir'd after : I have sate
 here all Day.

Enter Isabel.

Duke. I do constantly believe you : The time is come,
 even now. I shall crave your Forbearance a little ; may
 be I will call upon you anon for some Advantage to your
 self.

Mari. I am always bound to you.

[Exit.

Duke. Very well met, and well come :

What is the News from this good Deputy ?

Isab. He hath a Garden circummur'd with Brick,
 Whose Western side is with a Vineyard backt ;
 And to that Vineyard is a planched Gate,
 That makes his opening with this bigger Key :
 This other doth command a little Door,
 Which from the Vineyard to the Garden leads ;

There

There have I made my Promise, upon the
Heavy middle of the Night, to call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your Knowledge find this Way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary Note upon't;
With whispering, and most guilty Diligence,
In Action all of Precept, he did show me
The Way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other Tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her Observance?

Isab. No, none but only a Repair i'th' dark;
And that I have possess'd him, my most stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know.
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me, whose Persuasion is
I come about my Brother.

Duke. 'Tis well horn up.
I have not yet made known to *Mariana*
A Word of this. What ho! within! come forth!

Enter Mariana,

I pray you be acquainted with this Maid;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do persuade your self that I respect you?

Mari. Good Friar, I know you do, and have found it.

Duke. Take then this your Companion by the Hand,
Who hath a Story ready for your Ear:
I shall attend your Leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous Night approaches.

Mari. Will't please you walk aside? [*Ex. Mar. and Isab.*]

Duke. Oh Place and Greatness! Millions of false Eyes
Are struck upon thee: Volumes of Report
Run with these false and most contrarious Quests
Upon thy Doings: Thousand Escapes of Wit
Make thee the Father of their idle Dreams,
And rack thee in their Fancies. Welcome, how agreed?

Ent. r Mariana and Isabel.

Isab. She'll take the Enterprize upon her, Father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my Consent,
But my Intreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but soft and low;
Remember now my Brother.

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke.

Duke. Nor, gentle Daughter, fear you not at all :
 He is your Husband on a Pre-contract ;
 To bring you thus together, 'tis no Sin,
 Sith that the Justice of your Title to him
 Doth flourish the Deceit. Come let us go ;
 Our Corn's to reap, for yet our Tythes to sow. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Prison.*

Enter Provost and Clown.

Prov. Come hither, Sirrah : Can you cut off a Man's Head ?

Clown. If the Man be a Batchelor, Sir, I can :
 But if he be a marry'd Man, he's his Wife's Head,
 And I can never cut off a Woman's Head.

Prov. Come, Sir, leave me your Snatches, and yield me a direct Answer. To Morrow Morning are to die *Claudio* and *Barnardine* : Here is in our Prison a common Executioner, who in his Office lacks a Helper ; if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your Gyves : If not, you shall have your full time of Imprisonment, and your Deliverance with an unpitied Whipping ; for you have been a notorious Bawd.

Bawd. Sir, I have been an unlawful Bawd time out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful Hangman : I would be glad to receive some Instruction from my Fellow-Partner . .

Prov. What hoa, *Abhorson* ! where's *Abhorson* there ?

Enter Abhorson.

Abbor. Do you call, Sir ?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a Fellow will help you to Morrow in your Execution : If you think it meet, compound with him by the Year, and let him abide here with you ; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his Estimation with you ; he hath been a Bawd.

Abbor. A Bawd, Sir ? Fie upon him, he will discredit our Mystery,

Prov. Go to, Sir ; you weigh equally, a Feather will turn the Scale. [*Exit.*]

Clown. Pray, Sir, by your good Favour ; for surely, Sir, a good Favour you have, but that you have a hanging Look ; Do you call, Sir, your Occupation a Mystery ?

Abbor. Ay, Sir, a Mystery.

Clown. Painting, Sir, I have heard say, is a Mystery ; and your Whores, Sir, being Members of my Occupation,

using

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using painting, do prove my Occupation a Mystery: But what Mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abbor. Sir, it is a Mystery.

Clown. Proof.

Abbor. Every true Man's Apparel fits your Thief.

Clown. If it be too little for your Thief, your true Man thinks it big enough. If it be too big for your Thief, your Thief thinks it little enough: So every true Man's Apparel fits your Thief.

Enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clown. Sir, I will serve him: For I do find your Hangman is a more penitent Trade than your Bawd; he doth oftner ask Forgiveness.

Prov. You, Sirrah, provide your Block and your Ax to Morrow, four a Clock.

Abbor. Come on, Bawd, I will instruct thee in my Trade; follow.

Clown. I do desire to learn, Sir; and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yours: For truly, Sir, for your Kindness, I owe you a good turn. (*Exit*)

Prov. Call hither *Barnardine* and *Claudio*: Th' one has my Pity; not a jot the other, Being a Murtherer, tho' he were my Brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the Warrant, *Claudio*, for thy Death; 'Tis now dead Midnight, and by eight to Morrow Thou must be made immortal. Where's *Barnardine*?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in Sleep as guiltless Labour. When it lyes starkly in the Traveller's Bones: He will not awake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?

Well, go, prepayse yourself. But hark, what Noise? (*Knock within*)

Heav'n give your Spirits Comfort; By and by; I hope it is some Pardon, or Reprieve For the most gentle *Claudio*. Welcome, Father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholsom'st Spirits of the Night Invellop you, good *Provost*? Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None since the Curphew rung.

Duke. Not *Isabel*?

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Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What Comfort is for *Claudio*?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter Deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his Life is parallel'd
Even with the Stroak and Line of his great Justice
He doth with holy Abstinence subdue
That in himself which he spurs on his Power
To qualifie in others. Were he meal'd with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just. Now are they come.

[*Knock again.*]

This is a gentle *Provost*, seldom when
The steeled Goaler is the Friend of Men.
How now? what Noise? That Spirit's possess'd with haste
That wounds th'unresisting Postern with these Stroaks.

Prov. There he must stay until the Officer
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no Countermand for *Claudio* yet,
But he must die to Morrow?

Prov. None, Sir, none.

Duke. As near the Dawning, *Provost*, as it is,
You shall hear more ere Morning.

Prov. Happily.

You something know; yet I believe there comes
No Countermand, no such Example have we:
Besides, upon the very Siege of Justice,
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publick Ear
Profest the contrary.

Duke. This is his Lordship's Man. [*Enter a Messenger.*]

Prov. And here comes *Claudio's* Pardon.

Mess. My Lord hath sent you this Note,
And by me this further Charge,
That you swerve not from the smallest Article of it,
Neither in Time, Matter, or other Circumstance.
Good Morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost Day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit. Messen.*]

Duke. This is his Pardon, purchas'd by such Sin
For which the Pardoner himself is in:
Hence hath Offence his quick Celerity,
When it is born in high Authority;

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When Vice makes Mercy, Mercy's so extended,
That for the Fault's love, is th' Offender friended.
Now, Sir, what News?

Prov. I told you:

Lord *Angelo* be-like, thinking me remis
In mine Office, awakens me
With this unwonted putting on, methinks strangely,
For he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you let's hear.

Provost reads the Letter.

Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the Clock, and in the Afternoon Barnardine: For my better Satisfaction, let me have Claudio's Head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed, with a Thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus sail not to do your Office, as you will answer it at your Peril.

What say you to this, Sir?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be executed in th' Afternoon?

Prov. A *Bobemian* born; but here nurs'd up and bred, One that is a Prisoner nine Years old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his Liberty, or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His Friends still wrought Reprieves for him; And indeed his Fact, 'till now in the Government of Lord *Angelo*, came not to an undoubtful Proof.

Duke. It is now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not deny'd by himself.

Duke. Hath he born himself penitently in Prison?

How seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A Man that apprehends Death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken Sleep, careless, wreackless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of Mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants Advice.

Prov. He will hear none; he hath evermore had the liberty

MEASURE *for* MEASURE. 51

erty of the Prison. Give him leave to escape hence, he would not: Drunk many times a Day, if not many Days entirely drunk. We have very oft' awak'd him, as if to carry him to Execution, and shew'd him a seeming Warrant for it; it hath not mov'd him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your Brow, *Provost*, Honesty and Constancy; if I read it not truly, my ancient Skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in Hazard, *Claudio*, whom here you have Warrant to execute, is no greater Forfeit to the Law than *Angelo*, who hath sentenc'd him. To make you understand this in a manifested Effect, I crave but four Days respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous Courtesy,

Prov. Pray, Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying Death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it, having the Hour limited, and an express Command, under Penalty, to deliver his Head in the view of *Angelo*? I may make my Case as *Claudio's* to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the Vow of mine Order, I warrant you, If my Instructions may be your Guide: Let this *Barnardine* be this Morning executed, And his Head born to *Angelo*.

Prov. *Angelo* hath seen them both, And will discover the Favour.

Duke. Oh, Death's a great Disguiser, and you may add to it; shave the Head, 'and tie the Beard,' and say, it was the Desire of the Penitent to be barb'd before his Death; you know the Course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than Thanks and good Fortune; by the Saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my Life.

Prov. Pardon me, good Father; it is against my Oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the Deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his Substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no Offence, if the Duke avouch the Justice of your Dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance; but a Certainty; yet since I see you fearful, that neither my Coat, Integrity, nor my Persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than

I meant to pluck all Fears out of you. Look you, Sir, here is the Head and Seal of the Duke; you know the Character, I doubt not, and the Signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The Contents of this is the Return of the Duke; you shall anon over-read it at your Pleasure; where you shall find within these two Days he will be here. This is a thing which *Angelo* knows not; for he this very Day receives Letters of strange Tenor, perchance of the Duke's Death, perchance entering into some Monastery, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Look the unfolding Star calls up the Shepherd; put not you self into amazement how these things should be; all Difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your Executioner, and off with *Bernardine's* Head: I will give him a present Shrift, and advise him for a better Place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away, it is almost clear Dawn.

[*Exit.*

Enter Clown.

Clown. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our House of Profession; one would think it were *Mistress Over-don's* own House; for here be many of her old Customers: First, here's young *Mr. Rash*; he's in for a Commodity of brown Pepper and old Ginger, ninescore and seventeen Pounds; of which he made five Marks ready Mony: Marry then, Ginger was not much in request; for the old Women were all dead. Then is there here one *Mr. Caper*, at the Suit of Master *Three-Pile*, the Mercer, for some four Suits of Peach-colour'd Sattin, which now peaches him a Beggar. Then have we here young *Dizy*, and young *Mr. Leap-up*, and *Mr. Copper-spur*, and Master *Starve-Lucky*, the Rapier and Dagger Man, and young *Dropbeire*, that kill'd lusty *Pudding*, and *Mr. Forth-light*, the Tilter, and brave *Mr. Shooty*, the great Traveler, and wild *Half Canne*, that stabb'd *Pots*, and, I think, forty more, all great doers in our Trade, and are now for the Lord's sake.

Enter Abhorson.

Abbr. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hither,

Clown. Master *Barnardine*, you must rise and be hang'd, Master *Barnardine*.

Abbr. What hoa, *Barnardine*!

Barnardine

Barnardine *within*.

Barnar. A Pox o' your Throats; who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clown. Your Friend, Sir, the Hangman:
You must be so good, Sir, to rise, and be put to Death.

Barnar. Away, you Rogue, away, I am sleepy.

Abbor. Tell him he must awake,
And that quickly too.

Clown. Pray Master *Barnardine*, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abbor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, Sir, he is coming; I hear the Straw ruffle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abbor. Is the Ax upon the Block, Sirrah?

Clown. Very ready, Sir.

Barnar. How now, *Abbor*?

What's the News with you?
Abbor. Truly Sir, I would desire you to clap into your Prayers: For look you, the Warrant's come.

Barnar. You Rogue, I have been drinking all Night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. Oh the better, Sir; for he that drinks all Night, and is hang'd betimes in the Morning, may sleep the sounder all the next Day.

Enter Duke.

Abbor. Look you, Sir, here comes your ghostly Father; Do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my Charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. *Friar*, not I: I have been drinking hard all Night, and will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my Brains with Billets: I will not consent to die this Day, that's certain.

Duke. Oh, Sir, you must; and therefore I beseech you look forward on the Journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear I will not die to Day for any Man's Perswasion.

Duke. But hear you.

Barnar. Not a Word: If you have any thing to say to me, come to my Ward; for thence will not I to Day.

[*Exit.*]

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Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: Oh gravel Heart!
Atter him, Fellows: Bring him to the Block.

Prov. Now, Sir, how do you find the Prisoner?

Duke. A Creature unprepar'd, unmeet for Death;
And to transport him in the Mind he is,
Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the Prison, Father,
There dy'd this Morning of a cruel Fever,
One *Ragazine*, a most notorious Pirate,
A Man of *Claudio's* Years; his Beard and Head
Just of his Colour. What if we do omit
This Reprobate, 'till he were well inclin'd,
And satisfie the Deputy with the Visage
Of *Ragazine*, more like to *Claudio*?

Duke. O, 'tis an Accident that Heav'n provides:
Dispatch it presently; the Hour draws on
Prefixt by *Angelo*: See this be done,
And sent according to command; whiles I
Persuade this rude Wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good Father, presently.
But *Barnardine* must die this Afternoon:
And how shall we continue *Claudio*,
To save me from the Danger, that might come,
If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done;
Put them in secret holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio*;
Ere twice the Sun hath made his Journal greeting
To yonder Generation, you shall find
Your Safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free Dependant. [Exit.

Duke. Quick, dispatch and send the Head to *Angelo*.
Now will I write Letters to *Angelo*,
The *Provost* he shall bear them, whose Contents
shall witness to him I am near at home;
And that by great Injunctions I am bound
To enter publickly: Him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated Fount,
A League below the City; and from thence,
By cold Gradation, and well-ballanc'd Form,
We shall proceed with *Angelo*.

Enter

Enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the Head, I'll carry it my self.

Duke. Convenient is it : Make a swift Return ;
For I would commune with you of such Things
That want no Ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed.

[*Exit.*

Isabel within.

Isab. Peace ho, be here.

Duke. The Tongue of *Isabel.* She comes to know,
If yet her Brother's Pardon be come hither :
But I will keep her ignorant of her Good,
To make her heav'nly Comforts of Despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabel.

Isab. Ho, by your Leave.

Duke. Good Morning to you, fair and gracious Daughter.

Isab. The better given me by so holy a Man :
Hath yet the Deputy sent my Brother's Pardon ?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, *Isabel,* from the World ;
His Head is off, and sent to *Angelo.*

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other.

Shew your Wisdom, Daughter, in your close Patience.

' *Isab.* Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his Eyes.

' *Duke.* You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy *Claudio,* wretched *Isabel!*
Injurious World, most damned *Angelo!*

Duke. This hurts not him, nor profits you a jot :
Forbear it therefore, give your Cause to Heav'n :
Mark what I say, which you shall find
By every Syllable a faithful Verity.

The Duke comes home to morrow : nay, dry your Eyes
One of our Convent, and his Confessor,
Gives me this Instance : Already he hath carry'd
Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo,*
Who do prepare to meet him at the Gates,
There to give up their Power. If you can pace your Wisdom
In that good Path that I would wish it go,
And you shall have your Bosom on this Wretch,
Grace of the Duke, Revenges to your Heart,
And general Honour.

56 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This Letter then to *Friar Peter* give ;
 'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's Return :
 Say, by this Token, I desire his Company
 At *Mariana's* House to Night. Her Cause, and yours,
 I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
 Before the Duke ; and to the Head of *Angelo*
 Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
 I am combined by a sacred Vow,
 And shall be absent. Wend you with this Letter :
 Command these fretting Waters from your Eyes
 With a light Heart ; trust not my holy Order
 If I pervert your Course. Who's here ?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good Even ;
Friar, where's the *Provost* ?

Duke. Not within, Sir.

Lucio. Oh pretty *Isabella*, I am pale at mine Heart to see
 thine Eyes so red : thou must be patient ; I am fain to dine
 and sup with Water and Bran ; I dare not for my Head
 fill my Belly : One fruitful Meal would set me to't. But,
 they say, the Duke will be here to Morrow. By my
 Troth, *Isabel*, I lov'd thy Brother : If the old fantastical
 Duke of dark Corners had been at Home, he had lived.

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholden to
 your Reports ; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. *Friar*, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I
 do ? he's a better Woodman than thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well ; you'll answer this one Day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee.
 I can tell thee pretty Tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, Sir,
 if they be true ; if not, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a Wench with
 Child.

Duke. Did you such a thing ?

Lucio. Yes, marry did I, but I was fain to forswear it :
 They would else have marry'd me to the rotten Medler.

Duke. Sir, your Company is fairer than honest : Rest
 you well.

Lucio. By my Troth, I'll go with thee to the Lane's-
 end : If bawdy Talk offend you, we'll have very little
 of it ; nay, *Friar*, I am a kind of Bur, I shall stick. (Ex.

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MEASURE *for* MEASURE. 57

SCENE III. *The Palace.*

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. Every Letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His Actions shew much like to Madness: pray Heav'n his Wisdom be not tainted: And why meet him at the Gates, and deliver our Authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it an Hour before his entering, that if any crave Redress of Injustice, they should exhibit their Petitions in the Street?

Escal. He shews his Reason for that; to have a Dispatch of Complaints, and to deliver us from Devices hereafter, which shall then have no Power to stand against us.

Ang. Well; I beseech you to let it be proclaim'd betimes in th' Morn; I'll call you at your House: Give Notice to such Men of fort and suit as are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, Sir: Fare you well. *(Exit.)*

Ang. Good Night.

This Deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all Proceedings. A deflower'd Maid,
And by an eminent Body, that enforce'd
The Law against it? But that her tender Shame
Will not proclaim against her Maiden loss,
How might she Tongue me? Yet Reason dares her no;
For my Authority bears off a credent Bulk,
That no particular Scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the Breather. He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous Youth, with dangerous Sense,
Might in the Times to come, have ta'en a Revenge
By so receiving a dishonour'd Life,
With Ransom of such Shame: Would yet he had liv'd.
Alack, when once our Grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.

SCENE. *The Fields without the Town.*

Enter Duke in his own Habit, and Friar Peter.

Duke. These Letters at fit time deliver me.
The *Provost* knows our Purpose and our Plot:
The Matter being afoot, keep your Instruction,
And hold you ever to our special Drift,
Tho' sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As Cause doth minister: Go call at *Flavius* House,
And tell him where I stay; give the like notice

To

58 MEASURE for MEASURE.

To *Valencius*, *Rowland*, and to *Crassus*,
And bid them bring the Trumpets to the Gate:
But send me *Flavius* first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well.

Enter *Varrius*.

Duke. I thank thee, *Varrius*; thou hast made good haste:
Come, we will walk. There's other of our Friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle *Varrius*. [Exeunt

SCENE V.

Enter *Isabella* and *Mariara*.

Isab. To speak so indirectly I am loath:
I would say the Truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your Part? yet I am advis'd to do it,
He says, to vail full Purpose.

Mar. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a I h. sick
That's bitter to sweet End.

Enter *Peter*.

Mar. I would Friar *Peter*——

Isab. Oh Peace; the Friar is come.

Peter. Come, I have found you out a Stand most fit,
Where you may have such Vantage on the Duke,
He shall not pass you.

Twice have the Trumpets sounded:

• The generous and gravest Citizens

• Have hent the Gates, and very near upon

The Duke is entring:

Therefore hence away.

[Exeunt.]



ACT V.

SCENE I.

SCENE The Street.

Enter *Duke*, *Varrius*, *Lords*, *Angelo*, *Escalus*, *Lucio*,
and *Citizens* at several Doors.

Duke. MY very worthy Cousin, fairly met; (you.
Our old and faithful Friend, we are glad to see

Ang. and *Ejc.* Happy Return be to your Royal Grace.

Duke. Many and hearty thanks be to you both:
We have made Enquiry of you, and we hear
Such Goodness of your Justice, that our Soul

Cannot

Cannot but yield you forth to publick Thanks,
Forerunning more Requital.

Ang. You make my Bonds still greater.

Duke. Oh, your Desert speaks loud, and I should wrong
To lock it in the Wards of covert Bosom,
When it deserves, with Characters of Brass,
A fortified Residence 'gainst the tooth of Time,
And razure of Oblivion: Give me your Hand,
And let the Subject see, to make them know,
That outward Courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come *Escalus*,
You must walk by us on our other Hand:
And good Supporters are you.

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time:
Speak loud, and kneel before him.

Ifab. Justice, O royal Duke; vail your Regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a Maid;
Oh worthy Prince, dishonour not your Eye
By throwing it on any other Object.
'Till you have heard me in my true Complaint,
And give me Justice, Justice; Justice, Justice.

Duke. Relate your Wrongs:
In what, by whom? be brief:
Here is Lord *Angelo* shall give you Justice;
Reveal your self to him.

Ifab. Oh worthy Duke,
You bid me seek Redemption of the Devil:
Hear me your self; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring Redress from you:
Hear me; oh hear me here.

Ang. My Lord, her Wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a Suitor to me for her Brother,
Cut off by course of Justice.

Ifab. By course of Justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly.

Ifab. Most strange, but yet most truly will I speak;
That *Angelo's* forsworn: Is it not strange?
That *Angelo's* a Murderer: Is't not strange?
That *Angelo* is an adulterous Thief,
An Hypocrite, a Virgin Violater:
Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke.

60 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Than this is all as true as it is strange :
Nay, it is ten times true ; for Truth is Truth
To th' End of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her, poor Sou!,
She speaks this in th' Infirmitie of Sense.

Isab. O Prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another Comfort than this World,
That thou neglect me not, with that Opinion,
That I am touch'd with Madness. Make not impossible
That which but seems unlike ; 'Tis not impossible
But one, the wicked'st Caitiff on the Ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute
As *Angelo* ; ev'n so may *Angelo*,
In all his Dressings, Caracts, Titles, Forms,
Be an Arch-villain ; Believe it, Royal Prince.
If he be less, he's nothing ; but he's more,
Had I more Name for Badness.

Duke. By mine Honesty,
If he be mad, as I believe no other,
Her Madness hath the oddest frame of Sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in Madness.

Isab. O gracious Duke,
Harp not on that ; nor do not banish Reason
For Inequality ; but let your Reason serve
To make the Truth appear, where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad
Have sure more lack of Reason.
What would you say ?

Isab. I am the Sister of one *Claudio*,
Condemn'd upon the Act of Fornication,
To lose his Head ; condemn'd by *Angelo* :
I, in Probation of a Sisterhood,
Was sent to by my Brother ; one *Lucio*,
As then the Messenger, — — —

Lucio. That's I, and't like your Grace :
I came to her from *Claudio*, and desir'd her
To try her gracious Fortune with Lord *Angelo*,
For her poor Brother's Pardon.

Isab. That's he indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

[To *Lucio*.
Lucio.

Lucio. No, my good Lord,
Nor wish'd to hold my Peace.

Du'e. I wish you now then;
Pray you take note of it: And when you have
A business for your self, pray Heav'n you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your Honour.

Duke. The Warrant's for you self; take heed to't.

Isab. This Gentleman told something of my Tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right, but you are i'th Wrong
To speak before your time. Proceed.

Isab. I went To this pernicious Caitiff Deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it: The Phrase is to the Matter.

Duke. Mended again; the Matter; proceed.

Isab. In brief; to set the needles by,

How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refus'd me, and how I reply'd,
For this was of much length; the vile Conclusion
I now begin with Grief and Shame to utter.
He would not, but by Gift of my chaste Body
'To his concupiscible intemperate Lust,
Release my Brother; and after much Debatement,
My sifterly Remorse confutes mine Honour,
And I did yield to him: but the next Morn betimes,
His Purpose forfeiting, he sends a Warrant
For my poor Brother's Head.

Duke. This is most unlikely!

Isab. Oh that it were as like as it is true! [thou speak'st;

Duke. By Heav'n, fond Wretch, thou know'st not what
Or else thou art suborn'd against his Honour
In hateful Practice. First, his Integrity
Stands without blemish; next, it imports no Reason,
That with such vehemency, he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: If he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy Brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on;
Confess the Truth, and say by whose Advise
Thou cam'st here to complain.

Isab. And is this all?

Then oh you blessed Ministers above,
Keep me in Patience; and with ripen'd Time,
Unfold the Evil which is here wrapt up
In Countenance: Heav'n shield your Grace from Wo,

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As I thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go.

Duke. I know you'd fain be gone. An Officer;
To Prison with her. Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous Breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a Practise.

Who knew of your Intent, and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, *Friar Lodewick.*

Duke. A ghostly Father belike:
Who knows that *Lodewick*?

Lucio. My Lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling *Friar*;
I do not like the Man; had he been I say, my Lord,
For certain Words he spake against your Grace
In your Retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? this is a good *Friar* belike,
And to set on this wretched Woman here
Against our Substitute! Let this *Friar* be found.

Lucio. But Yesternight, my Lord, she and that *Friar*,
I saw them at the Prison: A sawcy *Friar*,
A very scurvy Fellow.

Petr. Blessed be your Royal Grace!
I have stood by, my Lord, and I have heard
Your Royal Ear abus'd. First hath this Woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your Substitute
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that *Friar Lodewick* which she speaks of?

Peter. I know him for a Man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary Medler,
As he's reported by this Gentleman;
And, on my Trust, a Man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace.

Lucio. My Lord, most villanously; believe it.

Peter. Well; he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my Lord,
Of a strange Fever; upon his meer Request,
Being come to knowledge, that there was Complaint
Intended against Lord *Angelo*, came I hither
To speak, as from his Mouth, what he doth know
Is true and false; and he with his Oath,
And all Probation, will make up full clear,
Whensoever he is conven'd. First for this Woman,
To justify this worthy Nobleman,

So

So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you hear disproved to her Eyes,
'Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good Friar, let's hear it.

Do you not smile at this, Lord *Angelo*?
O Heav'n! the Vanity of wretched Fools! —
Give us some Seats; Come, Cousin *Angelo*,
In this I'll be impartial: Be you Judge
Of your own Cause. Is this the Witness, *Friar*?

Enter Mariana veil'd.

First, let her shew her Face, and after speak.

Mari. Pardon, my Lord, I will not shew my Face
Until my Husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd?

Mari. No, my Lord.

Duke. Are you a Maid?

Mari. No, my Lord.

Duke. A Widow then?

Mari. Neither, my Lord.

Duke. Why, are you nothing then? Neither Maid,
Widow, nor Wife?

Lucio. My Lord, she may be a Funk; for many of
them are neither Maid, Widow nor Wife.

Duke. Silence that Fellow: I would he had some Cause
to prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my Lord.

Mari. My Lord, I do confess I ne'er was marry'd,
And I confess besides, I am no Maid;
I have known my Husband, yet my Husband
Knows not that ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my Lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of Silence, would thou wert so too.

Lucio. Well, my Lord.

Duke. This is no Witness for Lord *Angelo*.

Mari. Now I come to't my Lord.

She that accuses him of Fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my Husband,
And charges him, my Lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine Arms,
With all th' Effect of Love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No, you say your Husband. [To *Mariana*.

Mari. Why, just, my Lord, and that is *Angelo*,

: Who

- Who thinks he knows, that he ne'er know my Body ;
 • But knows, he thinks, that he knows *Ifabel's*.

Ang. This is a strange Abuse: Let's see thy Face.

Ari. My Husband bids me; now I will unmask, [Unveiling
 This is that Face thou cruel *Angelo*,
 Which once thou swor't it was worth the looking on:
 This is the Hand which, with a vow'd Contract,
 Was fast belock'd in thine: This is the Body
 That took away the Match from *Ifabel*.
 And did supply thee at thy Garden-house
 In her imagin'd Person.

Duke. Know you this Woman?;

Lucio. Carnally, she says:

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my Lord.

Angelo. My Lord, I must confess I know this Woman ;
 And five Yeas since there was some speech of Marriage
 Betwixt myself and her, which was broke off,
 Partly for that her promised Proportions
 Came short of Composition; but in chief,
 For that her Reputation was disvalu'd
 In Levity; Since which time, of five Years
 I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
 Upon my Faith and Honour.

Mari. Noble Prince, [Breath,

As there comes Light from Heaven, and Words from
 As there is Sense in Truth, and Truth in Virtue,
 I am affianc'd this Man's Wife as strongly
 As Words could make up Vows: ' And my good Lord,
 ' Eut *Tuesday* night last gone, in's Garden-house
 ' He knew me as a Wife; as this is true,
 Let me in safety raise me from my Knees,
 Or else for ever be confix'd here
 A Marble Monument.

Ang. I did but smile 'till now.

Now, good my Lord, give me the Scope of Justice ;
 My Patience here is touch'd: I do perceive
 These poor informal Women are no more
 But Instruments of some more mightier Member
 That sets them on. Let me have way, my Lord,
 To find this Practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my Heart :

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And punish them to your height of Pleasure.
 Thou foolish *Friar*, and thou pernicious Woman.
 Compact with her that's gone; think'st thou thy Oaths,
 Tho' they would swear down each particular Saint,
 Were Testimonies 'gainst his Wrath and Credit,
 That's seal'd with Approbation? You, Lord *Escalus*,
 Sit with my Cousin; lend him your kind Pains
 To find out this Abuse, whence it is deriv'd.
 There it another *Friar* that set them on;
 Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my Lord; for he indeed
 Hath set the Women on to this Complaint:
 Your *Provost* knows the Place where he abides;
 And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.
 And you my noble and well warranted Cousin,
 Whom it concerns to hear this Matter for th,
 Do with your Injuries as seems you best
 In any Chastisement: I for a while
 Will leave you; but stir not you, 'till you have
 Well determin'd upon these Slanderers. (Exit.

Escal. My Lord, we'll do it throughly. Signior *Lucio*,
 did not you say, you know that *Friar Lodowick* to be a
 dishonest Person?

Lucio. *Cuculus non facit Monachum*; honest in nothing
 but in his Cloaths, and one that hath spoke most villanous
 Speeches of the Duke.

Escal. We shall intreat you to abide here till he come,
 and inforce them against him we shall find this *Friar* a
 notable Fellow.

Lucio. As any in *Vienna*, on my Word.

Escal. Call that same *Isabel* here once again: I would
 speak with her. Pray you, my Lord, give me leave to
 question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own Report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, Sir, I think if you handled her private-
 ly she should sooner confels; perchance publickly she'd be
 ashamed.

Enter Duke in the *Friar's Habit*, *Provost* and *Isabella*.

Escal. I will go darkly to work her.

Lucio. That's the way; for Women are light [at Mid-
 night. *Escal*.

66 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Escal. Come on, Mistrefs: Here's a Gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My Lord, here comes the Rascal I spoke of, Here with the *Provost*.

Escal. I very good time: Speak not you to him 'till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, Sir, did you set these Women on to slander Lord *Angelo*? They have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How? Know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great Place; and let the Devil Be sometime honour'd for his burning Throne.

Where is the Duke? 'Tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you speak: Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly at least. But oh, poor Souls, Come you to seek the Lamb here of the Fox? Good-night to your Redress: Is the Duke gone?

Then is your Cause too. The Duke's unjust,

Thus to retort your manifest Appeal,

And put your Trial in the Villain's Mouth

Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the Rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd *Friar*,

Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these Women

To accuse this worthy Man, but in foul Mouth,

And in the witness of his proper Ear,

To call him Villain; and then to glance from him

'To th' Duke himself; to tax him with Injustice?

Take him hence: to th' Rack with him: We'll scuze you

Joint by Joint, but we will know his Purpose:

What? Unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the Duke dare

No more stretch this finger of mine, than he

Dare rack his own: His Subject am I not,

Nor here Provincial; my Business in this State

Made me a Looker on here in *Vienna*;

Where I have seen Corruption boil and bubble,

'Till it o'er-run the Stew: 'Laws for all Faults,

'But Faults so countenanc'd, that the strong Statutes

'Stand like the Forfeits in a Barber's Shop,

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Escal. Slander to th' State!

Away with him to Prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, Signior *Lucio*?
Is this the Man that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my Lord. Come hither, Goodman
Baldpate: Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, Sir, by the sound of your Voice.
I met you at the Prison in the Absence of the Duke.

Lucio. Oh, did you so? And do you remember what
you said of the Duke?

Duke. Most notedly, Sir.

Lucio. Do you so, Sir? And was the Duke a Flesh-mon-
ger, a Fool, and a Coward, as you then reported him
to be?

Duke. You must, Sir, change Persons with me, ere
you make that my Report: You indeed spoke so of him,
and much more, much worse.

Lucio. Oh thou damnable Fellow! did not I pluck
thee by the Nose for thy Speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the Duke as I love myself.

Ang. Hark how the Villain would close now afte
his treasonable Abuses.

Escal. Such a Fellow is not to be talk'd withal: Away
with him to Prison: Where is the *Provost*? Away with
him to Prison; lay Bolts enough upon him; let him speak
no more; away with those Giglets too, and with the
other confederate Companion.

Duke. Stay, Sir, stay a while.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, *Lucio*.

Lucio. Come Sir, come Sir, come Sir; foh, Sir; why
you bald-pated lying Rascal; you must be hooded, must
you? Show your Knave's Visage, with a Pox to you;
show your sheep-biting Face, and be hang'd an hour:
Will't not off?

[Pulls off the Friar's Hood, and discovers the Duke.]

Duke. Thou art the first Knave that e'er mad'st a Duke.
First, *Provost*, let me bail these gentle three.
Sneak not away, Sir; for the *Friar* and you
Must have a word anon: Lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down:

[To *Escalus*.]

68 MEASURE for MEASURE.

We'll borrow place of him; Sir, by your Leave:
Hast thou or Word, or Wit, or Impudence,
That yet can do thee Office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it 'till my Tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. Oh my dread Lord,
I should be guiltier than my Guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernable,
When I perceive your Grace, like Power divine,
Hath look'd upon my Passes: Then, good Prince,
No longer Session hold upon my Shame;
But let my Trial be mine own Confession:
Immediate Sentence then, and sequent Death,
Is all the Grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, *Mariana*:
Say: wast thou ever contracted to this Woman?

Ang. I was, my Lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly;
Do you the Office, *Friar*; which consummate,
Return him here again: Go with him, *Provost*.

[*Exeunt* Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.]

Escal. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his Dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, *Isabel*;
Your *Friar* is now your Prince: As I was then
Advertising, and holy to your Business,
Not changing Heart with Habit, I am still
Attornied at your Service.

Isab. Oh give me Pardon,
That I, your Vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown Sovereignty.

Duke. Your are pardon'd, *Isabel*:
And now, dear Maid, be you as free to us.
Your Brother's Death, I know, fits at your Heart:
And you may marvel why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his Life; and would not rather
Make rash Remonstrance of my hidden Power,
Than let him be so lost: O most kind Maid,
It was the quick Celerity of his Death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my Purpose: But Peace be with him.
That Life is better Life, past fearing Death,

Than

MEASURE for MEASURE. 69

Than that which lives to Fear: Make it your comfort,
So happy is your Brother.

Enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.

Isab. I do, my Lord.

Duke. For this new-marry'd Man, approaching here,
Whose false Imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended Honour; you must pardon,
For *Mariana's* Sake: But as he adjudg'd your Brother,
Being Criminal in double violation,
Of sacred Chastity, and of Promise-breach,
Thereon dependant, for your Brother's Life,
The very Mercy of the Law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper Tongue,
And *Angelo* for *Claudio*; Death for Death,
Hast still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*.
Then, *Angelo*, thy Faults are manifested;
Which tho' thou wouldst deny, denies the vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very Block
Where *Claudio* stoop'd to Death; and with like haste
Away with him.

Maria. Oh my most gracious Lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a Husband?

Duke. It is your Husband mock'd you with a Husband.
Contenting to the Safeguard of your Honour,
I thought your Marriage fit; else Imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your Life,
And choak your good to come; For his Possessions,
Altho' by Confiscation they are ours,
We do enstate, and Widow you withal,
To buy you a better Husband.

Mari. Oh my dear Lord,
I crave no other, nor no better Man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my Leige.

Duke. You do but lose your Labour:
Away with him to Death. Now, Sir, to you.

Mari. Oh my good Lord, Sweet *Isabel* take my Part;
Lend me your Knees, and all my Life to come
I'll lend you, all my Life to do you Service.

Duke. Against all Sense you do importune her;
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this Fact.

He

70 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Her Brother's Ghost his paved Bed would break,
And take her hence in Horror.

Mari. Isabel,

Sweet *Isabel*, do yet but kneel by me,
' Hold up your Hands, say nothing; I'll speak all.
' They say, best Men are moulded out of Faults;
' And, for the most, become much more the better
' For being a little bad: So may my Husband,
' Oh *Isabel*; will you not lend a Kree?

Duke. He dies for *Claudio's* Death.

Isab. Most bounteous Sir,

(*Kneeling.*)

Look, if it please you, on this Man condemn'd,
As if my Brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due Sincerity govern'd his Deeds,
'Till he did look on me: Since it is so,
Let him not die. My Brother had but Justice,
In that he did the thing for which he dy'd.
For *Angelo*, his Act did not o'ertake his bad Intent,
And must be bury'd but as an Intent
That perish'd by the way: Thoughts are no Subjects:
Intent, but meerly Thoughts.

Mari. Meerly, my Lord.

Duke. Your Suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say:
I have bethought me of another Fault.
Irovest, how came it *Claudio* was beheaded
At an unusual Hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special Warrant for the Deed?

Prov. No, my good Lord? it was by private Message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your Office:
Give up your Keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble Lord.

I thought it was a Fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more Advice;
For Testimony whereof, one in the Prison,
That should by private Order else have dy'd,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he.

Prov. His Name is *Barnardine*.

Duke. I would thou hadst done so by *Claudio*:
Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him. (*Exit Prov.*)

Escal. I am sorry one so learned, and so wise

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As you, Lord *Angelo*, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the Heat of Blood,
And lack of temper'd Judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry that such Sorrow I procure;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent Heart,
That I crave Death more willing'y than Mercy:
'Tis my deserving, and I do intreat it.

Enter Provost, Barnardine, Claudio, and Julietta,

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine*?

Prov. This, my Lord.

Duke. There was a *Friar* told me of this Man:
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn Soul
That apprehends no further than this World,
And squar't thy Life accordingly: Thou'rt condemn'd,
But for those earthly Faults, I quit them all:
I pray thee take this Mercy to provide
For better Times to come: *Friar* advise him;
I leave him to your Hand. What muffled Fellow's that?

Prov. This is another Prisoner that I sav'd,
Who should have dy'd when *Claudio* lost his Head,
As like almost to *Claudio* as himself.

Duke. If he be like your Brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely sake:
Give me your Hand, and say you will be mine,
He is my Brother too; but better time for that.
By this Lord *Angelo* perceives he's safe;
Methinks I see a quickning in his Eye.
Well, *Angelo*, your Evil quits you well:
Look that you love your Wife; her Worth worth yours.
I find an apt Remission in myself,
And yet here's one in Place I cannot pardon.
You, *Sirrah*, that knew me for a Fool, a Coward, [*To Lucio.*
One all of Luxury, an Afs, a Mad-man;
Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my Lord, I spoke it but according to
the Trick; if you will hang me for it you may, but I had
rather it would please you, I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt first, Sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, *Provost*, round about the City;
If any Woman wrong'd by this lewd Fellow,
As I have heard him swear himself, there's one

Whom

Whom he begot with Child, let her appear,
And he shall marry her; the Nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whip'd and harg'd.

Lucio. I beseech your Highness, do not marry me to
a Whore: Your Highness said even now, I made you
a Duke; good my Lord, do not recompence me in
making me a Cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine Honour thou shalt marry her:
Thy Slanders I forgive, and therewithal
Remit thy other Forfeits; take him to Prison:
And see our Pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a Funk, my Lord, is pressing to Death,
Whipping and hanging.

Duke. Slandering a Prince deserves it.
She, *Claudio*, that you wrong'd, look you restore:
Joy to you, *Mariana*; love her *Angelo*:
I have confess'd her, and I know her Virtue.
Thanks, good Friend *Escalus*, for thy much Goodness:
There's more behind that is more gratefull.
Thanks, *Provost*, for thy Care and secrecie;
We shall employ thee in a worthier Place:
Forgive him, *Angelo*, that brought you home
The Head of *Regizine* for *Claudio*'s;
Th' Offence pardons itself. Dear *Isabel*,
' I have a Motion much imports your good,
' Where'to if you'll a willing Ear incline,
' What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:
' So bring us to our Palace, where we'll show
' What's yet behind that's meet you all should know.
Thy virtuous Goodness, which alone has Charms *
To make thee worthy of a Monarch's Arms;
A Monarch who his Peoples Hearts wou'd try,
And shrewdly turn'd a Priest to turn a Spy:
For Empire then he quits the lower Plain;
Resumes the Scepter, and gives Laws again:
On sure Foundations learns to fix Decrees,
Like the Supreme, by judging what he sees.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

* These last eight Lines were added upon the Revival.

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